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MEETING ONCE MORE.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Meeting once more now years have fled,
Shall joy be mine, or vain regret?
Must hopes that lit the past be dead,
And both for aye its days forget?
I do not know what in thy heart
The thoughts may at this moment be;
I only know that whilst apart
My ev'ry one was turned to thee!

Meeting once more—it could not be
That fate decrees we meet in vain!
'Twas ordered thus for thee and me,
That sever'd hearts should join again!
So let thy hand now rest in mine,
Where oft it lay in days gone by;
Should'st thou this trustful deed decline,
Then 'tis ordain'd that love must die!

A SHADOWED LIFE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR-BOY," "SHADOW AND SHINE," "A FALSE FRIEND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

KNOCKING lightly at the door, Dolly paused, anxiously awaiting her father's permission to enter. Again she knocked but in vain, and, with a sudden fear at her heart, she opened the door, saying tremulously—

"The coffee will be quite cold, father; may I come in?"

Still there was no sound, and Dolly in terror entered the room. The Rector was leaning forward at the table, his head, snow-white now, resting on his arms, his face hidden. Spread out before him lay the evening paper, and, even in her agony of fear, Dolly's eyes sought and found the secret of her father's sudden illness. He had fainted or died under the shock.

The girl's bitter cry rang out shrill and clear, bringing Floyd in terrified haste to the room.

"He has only fainted, dear," said the faithful old servant, "and if you'll bring Margery all will be right. We don't want none of the other servants here;" and before Dolly had returned with the housekeeper her father's consciousness was returning, and he strove to speak.

They laid him upon a couch in the study, and a mounted messenger was sent off for Doctor Ramsden, but the only words which passed the Rector's lips during the long interval of waiting were for Dolly and her alone.

"Hope on, pray on, child," he murmured—"at evening time it shall be light."

Doctor Ramsden had come and gone, and the Rector had fallen into a deep sleep under the influence of the medicine administered to him by his old friend and physician, who understood, all too well, the reason of the old clergyman's illness, and the absolute necessity of quieting his nervous system, after the terrible shock he had sustained.

Margery, watching by her master's side, had banished Dolly, whose face looked pinched and worn under the influence of terror and anxiety, and the girl wandered into the garden, forgetful of all save the dear life so frail and shattered, and the one blessed hope on which she felt that life itself depended.

Wandering on thus absorbed, Dolly reached the gate where once her fair young mother had looked for the last time into Lord Alyngton's face, and, with no thoughts but those of tender pity and regret, she pressed her burning temple against the cold bars, and gave way to an agony of grief.

There was an infinite pathos in the sweet bending figure which touched the heart of a solitary watcher, not a hundred yards from the gate, to explain whose presence there it is necessary to go back to the morning following Lord Alyngton's visit to Admiral Henley.

Early on that day measures were taken to secure Sal's safety, one of which was to place her in the house of the Combermere constable, whither she was induced to go peacefully by fear of her life alone; for a telegram had come from Scotland Yard stating that the coffee-house near Farrington Market was closed, and Sal, more afraid of the woman Jenny than she had ever been of Big Bill, was pliant enough under the terror and mystery of Jenny's disappearance.

"She's on the tramp down here," the girl said, shivering, "and she'll do for me, she will."

"You just keep quiet," the constable advised, "and no one shall 'do' for you; but I give you fair warning that you must do as I bid you, or I shall turn agin you myself, and then Jenny or any one else may 'do' for you."

The day passed in feverish and gloomy forebodings, the detective arranging with Lord Alyngton to keep watch for Jenny's appearance, while the young nobleman went up to London.

Then came the all-absorbing paragraph in the evening papers, and the Rector's illness, news of which reached Alyngton through Doctor Ramsden himself, and Lord Alyngton came at once to a decision.

The paragraph referred to stated that Bess had been seen approaching the night refuge on the evening when she lost her life, and that her terrified scream had brought many of the inmates to the door. Her flying figure and the dark shadow on her track proved the truth of the unhappy creature's assertion, that it was as much as her life was worth to be seen near the hall; and when, days afterwards, her body was dragged from the water, it was identified by some of her unfortunate companions, who, having missed Big Bill and Sal the same night, felt "certain sure," as they said, that there had been foul play. But so strange a bond of secrecy existed amongst these miserable wretches, and so great was their fear of the ruffian Bill, that none of them dared to stand forth and declare their suspicions to the world.

With the mistress of the coffee-house near Farrington Market, however, it was quite different. It was long after the inquest was over, and Bess's remains had been laid in their last resting-place, when a whisper of the truth reached Jenny. Already her wrath was intense in consequence of Bill's sudden departure for America, and she had been only awaiting her time to revenge herself on him as thoroughly and completely as she desired. Grasping in a moment the whole cruel tragedy—Bill's weariness of Bess, the dangerous secrets she possessed of his past life "takin' up with a new gal," Jenny set about stealthily collecting every atom of evidence she could gather and then went to the nearest police-station.

Having set the ball rolling, she intended then to start off for Alyngton Park and make other and more startling statements to its master. Her plans, however, were all upset, for she was detained by the police in order that the evidence she had volunteered might be thoroughly sifted and the witnesses examined. Then, in her passion at being prevented from going on her errand of vengeance, she let drop certain hints about the Alyngton murder which caused the police to take still more effective measures for her detention.

This accounted for the sensational notice in the evening papers, and the assertion that no doubt Bill Preyer had been concerned in another crime, the stigma of which had hitherto rested on an innocent man.

With his heart full of this blessed conviction and the certainty that the Rector would soon be cleared, Lord Alyngton went forth with quick, impatient steps in the calm summer night, down the hill so often wearily climbed by poor little Dolly, and, without any special plan in his mind, passed through the reaped fields of golden corn into the shadowy road upon which opened the gates of the old Rectory. At those gates he saw, clad in a white clinging gown, a slender figure, bowed down in its agony of grief, and, without a moment's thought or hesitation, he went forward and took the girl in his arm.

"Dolly, my darling," he said, with tender abruptness, "shall I tell you the legend of Lady Nell's fawn now? Whoever she follows will be mistress of Alyngton. Dolly, do you care for me a little? Dolly, will you be my wife?"

He was leaning against the gate, smoothing the silky curls of the dark head he had drawn to his breast, and his strong arm held her fast and close.

As in a dream Dolly heard his voice and felt the gentle touch, and for a moment her heart seemed to stand still, and a mist came before her eyes. As it cleared away, the thought of her father's danger came back with a bitter pang of self-reproach.

"My father, oh, my father!" burst from her quivering lips.

"Our father, Dolly," was the whispered answer. "He'll get well directly this trouble is lifted from his heart, and it shall be lifted, so help me Heaven!"

The girl looked up into the brave, resolute face with shy, wondering eyes, which were hidden the next instant on his breast.

"Dolly, do you care for me now?" he whispered; and the answer may easily be guessed, for Lord Alyngton lifted the sweet face and kissed the tender lips.

CHAPTER VII.

There was great excitement in Fairminster when it was announced that the trial of Bill Preyer for the murder of Charles, Lord Alyngton, in Middleham Lane fifteen years before, would take place at the winter assizes, and that the London police were prepared, in the event of his not being convicted, to re-arrest him on the charge of causing the death of the unfortunate Bess Medwin.

The ruffian's capture in New York on the first charge was effected in a remarkable away. He had gone out in the name of Ben Hicks; but immediately on his arrival in the New World, he had dropped the assumed name, with the intention of baffling any inquiry after him that might be made by the girl Sal, of whom he had determined to free himself at the very first opportunity. Sam Jones was the alias he adopted on landing.

His fellow-passengers on the voyage were very glad to get rid of Bill's company.

"He's done summat he's ashamed of," observed one poor creature, not unlike Bess in appearance, clasping close to her breast a wretched babe and eyeing Bill with great disfavor. "It's a mussy we're not all packed together, for I'd be afeered to sleep a-nigh him."

"Ye may well say that," said her husband, a half starved-looking mechanic, "for Jim here, who's berthed with him, sez he talks in his sleep dreadful and wakes a-shivering and a-shaking as if he'd got the palsy."

Indeed, so loud were the complaints that at last they reached the captain's ears, and he remonstrated with Preyer respecting the matter. The ruffian listened sullenly to the remonstrance and as sullenly retired to his berth.

However, the captain's words did very little good, and aged, hollow-eyed, and wolfish-looking was Bill Preyer when he left the ship and made his way into the New York streets, where he tried to lose himself under his new alias.

But the detectives were quickly on his track, and a touch of fever, some four or five weeks after his arrival, threw him into their arms.

"He raves, does he?" said a quiet-looking man who was standing by Big Bill's side in a common New York boarding-house, for shelter in which Preyer had managed to pay up to the time of being stricken with the fever. "And what does he rave about?"

"I guess, stranger," said the proprietress, a gaily dressed woman, who seemed very much inclined to pick a quarrel with the cool Englishman who had got into her house with such ready assurance and now stood there asking questions as if he were the President himself—"I guess, stranger, you know more of his fixings than you've told me, and I guess you'd better take him away slick, for this may suit yew, but it don't suit me!"

"I've got a warrant to take him away as soon as he's fit to be moved," replied the man. "It's all right and square with the authorities here, ma'am, and I'm Detective Manners from Scotland Yard, London, so you needn't put yourself out of the way, for it's no good, d'ye see, and only spoils your temper."

"I guess that's pretty nigh spiled now, stranger," rejoined the woman sharply. "This is a free country, this is, and we don't like Britishers making themselves at home as yew do."

A little flattery and a few judiciously distributed coins smoothed matters over, and the detective remained at the boarding-house until the miserable wretch was so far recovered from the fever as to permit of his removal.

* * * * * *

Crowded to its very doors was the Crown Court at Fairminster on the day when Bill Preyer stood at the bar, arraigned for the murder of Charles, Lord Alyngton.

Gaunt, hollow-eyed and fierce, more like a wild animal than a human being, the ruffian faced judge and jury, and pleaded—

"Not guilty!"

Out of his own mouth, however, he had been condemned, for in his weakness and fear he had betrayed many secrets of his past life, as he lay burning with fever and tormented with an evil conscience, in the boarding-house in New York, and had implicated himself deeply in the terrible murder in Middleham Lane, fifteen years before.

It was only on seeing the face of the first witness that he showed abject fear.

This witness was Jane Hickson, sometime kitchen-maid at the Rectory. Her examination occupied a considerable time.

"Your name is Jane Hickson, I believe?" said the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Fergusson, a barrister who was generally retained in important cases, particular those of murder.

"It is," the witness replied sharply, as if grudging the time occupied in answering so trifling a question.

"Are you married or single?" proceeded the counsel.

"I was married," said the woman fiercely, "to a man as deceived me and had another wife livin', the man standing there!"—shaking her fist vindictively at the prisoner.

"Under what name did he marry you?" was the next question; and the woman, her hands shaking with passion, handed up her marriage-lines."

"Ye'll see it there, plain enough," she said. "Bill Preyer wor his name then, and it's his name now, as everybody in Combermere knows."

"Do you remember the August of the year 18—?" resumed the counsel for the Crown.

"Yes; I does remember it," answered the woman, wiping her hot face with a colored handkerchief.

"Do you remember the night of the 16th August, in that year?"

"Yes; I've good reason to," was the short answer.

"What took place particularly on that night?" said the counsel persuasively.

"Why the findin' of the lord up at Alyngton a-lyin' dead in Middleham Lane."

"Do you remember anything else?" pursued the barrister.

"It wur the magistrates' meetin' at Fairminster, and dinner afterwards—all the justices stayed late," replied the woman curtly.

"You were kitchen-maid then, in the Rector of Combermere's house, I think?"

"Yes, I wur, and parson, he wur a justice then, stayed late with the rest on 'em."

"Where did you happen to be on this particular evening?" pursued the counsel.

"Gone to the village to meet him," was the surly answer, with a vicious jerk of her thumb towards the prisoner, "unbeknown to the housekeeper, who weren't no friend o' mine."

"And you met him of course?" said the barrister, smiling.

"I corned upon him up in Middletown Lane," was the swift answer; and a murmur, repressed immediately however, rose from the waiting crowd, as from one man.

"Oh, you came upon him in Middletown Lane," repeated the counsel pleasantly; "and I suppose you startled him?"

"I didn't startle him at all," replied the woman; "I kep' in the field, with the hedge between, to see what he was up to."

"Oh, I suppose you thought he was after another sweetheart?"

"I wur fool enuff for that—but I wur wrong, I wur,,—in a subdued tone.

"Whom did he come to meet?" inquired the counsel.

"At fust I thought he was a-waitin' for the master—our parson—for he'd dogged Bill for tellin' tales, and Bill, he allus swore to be revenged; but when I seen parson a-gallopin' down the lane like mad, and Bill a-lyin' so quiet, I were puzzled."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Why, my lord he comes a ridin' down the lane—maybe a quarter of an hour afterwards, and takin' little heed of where he went. The horse knew its way, ye see, and he was a-thinkin', I s'pose."

"Had Lord Alyngton no groom with him?" inquired the barrister.

"No; he hadn't. He wur fond o' ridin' about by hisself, and didn't like no grooms a-spyin' arter him—all on us know that."

"Your sweetheart, Bill, included?" remarked the counsel encouragingly.

"He know'd well enuff; or he wouldn't ha' done what he did," was the answer. "He ups and axes my lord for money, and the horse, it shies at the sight of him, just as if it know'd he wur up to no good."

"He asked for money, did he?" said the counsel. "And did Lord Alyngton give him any?"

"No, he didn't; he know'd Bill too well for that, as did all the justices; Bill wur too fond of poachin' to please any of 'em."

"Oh, Lord Alyngton refused, did he—and what then?"

"Why, he got hold o' Bill, and Bill he sez with a grin as he'll go and beg o' my lord's sweetheart, the parson's lady, and p'r'haps arter she'd heard all he's got to say, she'll not be so hard-hearted on a chap who's in all her secrets. Before the words were well out of Bill's mouth my lord was off his horse, and layin' about him with his light riding-whip like one possessed. I see'd how it would be then, but I could not speak a word, my voice was choked like, and I fell down where I stood, and tore up the grass as if I wur in a fit. But I heard the death blow given, and I know'd long afore any one else did that a dead body was lyin' in Middletown Lane, and that Bill Preyer was the man who had done the deed. I got home somehow, and, Margery bein' out o' the way, I crep' up to bed, and lay there covered up and shivering all the warm summer night. It wur my business to light the fire fust thing, and fur once I wur glad to sit up an' do it, and I goes straight to the dining-room, I does, where the wine and spirits were still a-standin', and drinks a glass o' brandy right off as if it wur water. It wur the first I'd ever drank, but it wer'n't the last, and I believes it saved my life, for when cook came down I'd set breakfast all ready, and wur a-singin' about the kitchen quite cheerful. You sees the brandy had got into my head, and I didn't care for nobody. Breakfast wern't over in the parlor, when the news comes of my lord's murder; and what with fright at that and the missus bein' ill in bed the house wur turned topsy-turvy, and none on 'em had time to take notice o' me. But when the bell of Alyngton church begins to toll—missus, she hears it, and sends for me, 'cos no one else won't tell her, and——"

"This is not evidence," interrupted the counsel. "Confine yourself, witness, to facts."

"Well, then," said the woman sulkily, "when the inkwest wur being held, and a verdick agin 'persons unbeknown' wur just agoin' to be given, in comes Bill Preyer with parson's crop, which he sez he fund in a hedge close to where the dead body wur a-lyin'. I'm blest if at first I could think how it comed theer—I b'lieve if I'd known I should ha' spoken up then, but I didn't know till long arter, when Bill lets it out in his drink."

"And what did Bill 'let out in his drink?'" asked the counsel, in his quiet, easy way.

"Why, he lets out that he'd prigged parson's crop out o' the 'all, the very night o' the murder, when he'd been hangin' about the house on the chance of getting me to give him a bit and a sup, and he sed it comed in handy for my lord, he did."

Here the witness would have branched off into a history of her own doings as a detective; but, being told to stand down while other evidence was taken, she went out in a very heated and excited condition.

The Court rose late that day, and before the multitude poured forth into the streets of the ancient city an old clergyman, with snowy hair, and tall, bowed frame, leaning on the arm of a faithful servant, passed out through the judge's private room to his carriage, and drove rapidly away—not, however, before many heads were uncovered and a whisper ran through the crowd waiting outside.

"It's Mr. Worcester! It's the Rector of Combermere himself!"

Many a day had passed since such tokens of respect and sympathy had greeted Dolly's father, and, as he leaned back feebly in the carriage, a suspicious moisture dimmed his sight, and the brave heart which had borne cruel slights and coldness so long, swelled almost to bursting, at the first gleam of human kindness.

Floyd—rigid and obdurate—sat by the coachman without moving a muscle; but when they were clear of the crowd he said with the cool disdain worthy of a clerical butler—

"Confound the people for a set of silly sheep. When one starts, all the rest follow. To-morrow, I suppose, they'll be wanting to take the horses out, and draw the carriage like a set of brute beasts!"

"Not if I knows it!" said the old coachman, smiling grimly, and, as he spoke, the splendid horses dashed forward on their way, for the whip had unconsciously stung their glossy backs, and set them off at full speed.

Dolly was watching for her father, her soul in her eyes; but directly she caught sight of the carriage she drew back into the house, and strove for the patient calm which she knew was best for him.

She had tried to make the quaint old dining-room bright and home-like, and the glass and silver sparkled and glittered as the soft gleam of the lamps fell upon them.

As Floyd closed the door upon his master, the Rector turned and smiled at Dolly—a smile that touched her heart, and brought the tears to her eyes with a rush.

"The night is coming, child," he said gently; "but at evening-time it shall be light!"

Dolly could not speak, she could only draw her father's hand within her arm and coax him to the table; but as he blessed the food he could not even taste, and Floyd hovered round with anxious, loving care, the girl's heart sank within her, and every morsel she tried to swallow seemed to choke her. What was the "night" of which her father spoke, and in that "evening-time" would the light come too late?

* * * * * *

The witness first examined on the second day of the trial was Sal. As her evidence, however, consisted in a repetition of Bill Preyer's drunken ravings, and the woman Jenny Hickson's threats about keeping his "wicked secrets," she was dismissed for a time to the society of the other witnesses.

Then there was a stir in court, and Admiral Henley, stiff-necked and resolute as if he stood on the quarter-deck of his own ship, stepped into the box and faced the judge.

"Do you remember the August of 18——, Admiral Henley?" inquired the counsel for the Crown.

"Better than any year since I fought my last battle on board the Calypso," was the bluff reply, in a voice which could be heard to the very doors of the court.

"Do you remember any special event on the 16th of that month?"

"You might as well say do I remember the murder of the late Lord Alyngton, whilst you are about it," said the grim old veteran, who chafed under the tedious legal process.

"You remember the Lord Alyngton affair then?" pursued the counsel equably.

"I remember the murder," growled the Admiral; "and I remember the production of the Rector of Combermere's hunting-crop by the rascal yonder—Preyer!"

"You were at the justices' dinner that day at Fairminster, I believe," pursued the barrister.

"Yes, I was," answered the Admiral shortly, scenting danger afar off.

"Who else was present?"

"About a dozen in all—but what you want to know, I suppose, is, was Mr. Worcester there? Yes, he was."

"And Lord Alyngton?" interrupted the counsel for the defence—a man who had come forward to appear for the prisoner, from personal animus against Mr. Worcester, the Rector having in past days frustrated many a nefarious scheme of his against poor and unprotected clients.

The Admiral faced his interrogator with a look of deep disgust.

"Yes, Lord Alyngton was there," he answered coolly, turning his back upon the hated counsel as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"Do you remember what kind of riding-whip Mr. Worcester had with him that day?" continued the counsel for the Crown.

"A light whip—just such another as my groom has in his hand now, if you'll call him," replied the Admiral, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes.

The whip was handed round, and proved to be just what the Admiral described—very light and slender.

"You are confident that Mr. Worcester carried no other whip?" pursued the counsel, glancing at his notes.

"I'll swear it! Men don't use two whips," shortly answered the old officer; "and Mr. Worcester had nothing whatever with him but a whip as light as that lying on the table before you."

"And, after the dinner, did you part from Mr. Worcester and Lord Alyngton at Fairminster?" inquired the counsel.

"No," replied the Admiral, beginning to warm to his work. "We left Lord Alyngton at the hotel, but Worcester and I rode on our way home as far as the cross-roads together."

"And you parted then, at the cross-roads?"

"We parted then, because my road lay one way, and the Rector's straight ahead."

"Did you ride past Middleham Lane?" asked the counsel.

"If you've got a plan of the roads before you," replied the old officer, "you'll see that the cross-roads come a mile or two nearer Fairminster than Middleham Lane."

"Then you did not ride past Middleham Lane?" said the barrister.

"No!" roared the Admiral, out of patience. "If I had, I should have told you so before!"

A laugh, quickly repressed, ran through the court, and the witness was allowed to stand down.

Floyd was then placed in the box, and the counsel for the Crown proceeded with his examination, asking, after a few preliminary questions, if the witness remembered what whip his master took from the hall on the night of the 16th August.

"In my evidence at the inquest, fifteen years ago," said Floyd, with something like a gasp of indignation, "I swore that the Rector took a light riding-whip, which was shown to the coroner. It isn't likely I'm going back from my words now!"

"Certainly not," replied the counsel approvingly. "And now can you swear positively that the hunting-crop produced at the inquest by the prisoner was in the hall at the Rectory after your master went to Fairminster?"

"I swore that at the inquest," said Floyd with indignant emphasis, "and I'll swear to it now. Fifteen years don't alter the truth, to my way of thinking."

"What made you notice the whip so particularly after the Rector had ridden away?" asked the counsel.

"I noticed it because the groom had hurt his hand and couldn't hold a bridle, and I thought my master was very imprudent not to take his heavy hunting-crop, the roads being so lonely."

"Did you mention this to any of the household?"

"Yes, to the housekeeper; but she did not see the crop herself, and we never thought any more about it till Bill Preyer produced it at the close of the inquest."

"And you never missed this whip out of the hall?" asked the counsel.

"There was sickness in the house," said the old butler sadly; "and, what with that and the terrible murder, our heads were dazed like and stupid."

"In what state was the whip when produced at the inquest?" asked the counsel, after a moment's pause, to enable the witness to recover his composure.

"Covered with mud," was the passionate reply, the old butler trembling with emotion, "and stained with blood. The jury had to bring in a verdict against 'some person or persons unknown,' but in their hearts they accused the innocent, and I hope Heaven may forgive them for it, for it's beyond the power of mortal man."

Here the faithful servant broke down completely, and was allowed to leave the witness-box.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

His Honor's Sake.

BY H. C.

"WELL, father, what is it?" said Hugh Fortescue as he shut the door behind him, and waited to know why the general had sent for him.

"Only this—that if you want to save the Hall from being sold, you must set about fulfilling the family compact at once."

The young man's handsome face clouded, for the family compact was that he should marry his cousin, Marian Chesterfield, and win the broad lands of the Chesterfield estates by the match. Now somebody had played him an unpleasant trick last Valentine's Day, and sent him the photograph of a short stumpy girl with homely features, under which was written "Your future wife."

He had thrown it indignantly into the fire, and persistently refused all invitations to meet his young cousin. The idea of marrying her for her money was utterly distasteful to him, and there was no chance of marrying her for love with such an ugly face as that.

"I always looked upon that compact as fudge," he said after a pause.

General Fortescue frowned.

"Then let me tell you that you are very much mistaken. You are bound in honor to marry the girl, and if she were a pauper instead of an heiress it would not free you from the obligation. She is staying with Lady Mornington, who gave you a general invitation for September, so you can run down there to-morrow and settle it at once. Half my creditors would be content to wait if they thought you were sure of this Chesterfield girl."

Thus adjured, Hugh had nothing to do but consent; and a few days afterwards saw him at The Chase, Lady Mornington's place, and he was informed that Miss Chesterfield and Miss Wyndham were in the garden. He made his way across the lawn, and found that two girls were sitting in low chairs under a willow.

Directly they caught sight of him, they got up from their seats and advanced to meet him. In the one who was nearest to him, he recognized the original of the photo, and his heart went down into his boots; the other held back, as if overcome with shyness, and drooped her sunny head, as if afraid to meet his eye.

"How d'ye do, Marian?" said Hugh, shaking hands with the first.

She looked rather aback, as if she had not expected to be addressed by her christian-name, then turned in a hurry to her companion.

"Captain Fortescue, let me introduce you to my dearest friend, May."

Hugh bowed low, whilst the girl shyly extended a small white hand, her long lashes resting on her cheek. He involuntarily gave it a tender squeeze, for she looked so bewitchingly pretty, that he could not help it, and the blue eyes looked for one moment into his.

They dazzled him as no woman's had ever dazzled him before, and Marian watched him with a twinkle in her own. Then she invited him to sit down and

have a cup of tea after his dusty journey, and they were soon chatting amicably round the little tea-table on the lawn.

Hugh addressed his conversation to Marian, as in duty bound, telling her all about his life in Canada, and the loneliness of his home at the Hall since his mother's death.

"How I should like to see it," said Marian, as she filled up his cup; "I am so fond of an old place like that."

"Won't you come over day and make my father's acquaintance? Perhaps Miss —Miss," stammering, for the name of Wyndham had slipped out of his head.

"Call her May?" said Marian with a mischievous smile; "we are all cousins here."

"May I?" said Hugh, getting rather red, but subduing his inward astonishment.

"Certainly, if you wish it; I mean to call you Hugh;" and the girl smiled and blushed.

When the moon was shining, they wandered about the shrubberies after dinner, and Hugh, who had fallen in love for the first time in his life, walked as if in a dream under the silent trees.

Half beside himself with dismay, he determined to make his offer that night, and leave the first thing on the morrow. If it had to be done, it must be done at once, or else he might be laying his impoverished self at May's feet instead of Marian's and stealing a kiss from her lovely lips. He chose his moment when they had lingered behind, and stooping his head very low said hurriedly:

"Marian, will you tell me if it is 'Yes,' of 'No.'"

She lifted her head in great surprise; then as if a sudden thought had crossed her mind, whispered, "Ask May," and taking to her heels ran lightly down the path.

Hugh, utterly taken aback, stood still, watching her disappear with the utmost perplexity, whilst May came slowly towards him with the moonlight shining on her golden hair.

"Where is Marian?" she asked in surprise.

"Flown! telling me to get an answer from you."

"What answer?" turning her head down.

"Marian must have told you!" speaking very hurriedly. "Is it to be 'yes,' or 'no'?"

She dropped her handkerchief, and stooped to pick it up.

"Wouldn't it be better to wait?" she said shyly.

"Wait? what for? I must get it over to-night; I am going away to-morrow!" Oh, Heaven, how lovely she looked as she raised her eyes for one moment to his!

"Why are you going?"

"Because I am afraid to stay," his pulses quickening. "May, can't you guess? I love you already, and I shall go mad if I stay!"

She sat down on a bench under a syringa, her legs trembling so that she could not stand.

"I thought perhaps you would not like me," she said very low.

"Not like you? Oh, Heaven!" sitting close beside her, and bending over her till his breath fanned her cheek. "Mary, let me have one—it will be the last!"

She did not turn away, and their lips met.

"Now," he said with a groan, "is it to be 'yes,' or 'no'?"

"You are in such a hurry," hesitating and blushing.

"I must know to-night. Which is it to be?"

"Yes," she said softly.

There was deep silence for a minute, then he took her hands in his, raised them to his lips, and disappeared in the dark.

When the two girls came down to breakfast the next morning, the butler informed them that Captain Fortescue had left by the first train.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Marian with an amused laugh, "he's the most extraordinary creature I have heard of! I really thought it was a case of love at first-sight. You didn't say 'No' by mistake?"

"I wish I had," said May, growing crimson. "It was absurd to say 'Yes' after knowing him for only a few hours."

"You forget that you are said to have played together when you were children."

"As if that made any difference," scornfully.

Lord and Lady Mornington returned in the afternoon, and were much surprised to find that one of their guests had departed.

"Depend upon it, my dears," said the viscountess with a smile, "he is one of that extinct race—the male prudes. He will come back fast enough when I write and tell him that the house is full of people. Georgie is better, thank Heaven, so our little dance can come off next Thursday."

Lady Mornington wrote her letter, and one pair of eyes at least watched anxiously for the answer. When it came back it brought nothing but disappointment. Captain Fortescue was exceedingly sorry, but important business called him to Scotland, and he would not be back for a fortnight. May tossed her head, saying, "I'm so glad," and walked out into the garden, closely followed by a certain Lord Frippington who was dying to hook the heiress.

Lady Mornington looked after them with a sigh.

"She'll throw herself away on Frippington if the boy doesn't care. What can he be thinking of?"

Thinking of? Nothing but May from morning till night, as he walked over the moors with his gun over his shoulder in the dewy morning, as he danced with a host of pretty girls in the evening, as he tossed on his sleepless bed.

"Hollos, old fellow, what's up?" said his cheerful host, slapping him on the back. "I've got the prettiest set of girls together, and by Jove! there's not one of them you'll take the trouble to flirt with."

Hugh smiled.

"I forgot to tell you that I am engaged to be married."

"The deuce you are! Who is it?"

"My cousin, Miss Chesterfield," with a suppressed groan.

"Wish you luck! By George, the most charming girl in creation!"

"Charming disposition, no doubt."

"Humph! don't know about that. I was thinking of her face. Oh, that I were a bachelor!"

"Oh, that I had married in my cradle!" muttered Hugh, sloping off.

The next day Captain Fortescue received a letter from Lady Mornington to say that all guests had left her except Miss Chesterfield, and if he wished his engagement to be considered as more than a farce, he must come at once to The Chase to give his fiancee an opportunity of seeing whether she had given her consent too hastily.

"Rather too serious for a farce," said Hugh to himself, as he packed up his things and started for the south.

Lady Mornington received him in her own boudoir, and gave him a good scolding.

"I'm not at all sure that you are not too late. Lord Frippington is desperately in love with her, and rode over this morning to tell her so. They are now talking it over in the garden."

"Then I had better not interrupt them," subsiding into a chair with an air of the utmost resignation.

"Good Heavens! Are you mad? Get up and run as fast as your legs can take you. Five minutes may make all the difference!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"Then I may as well stay where I am. If she doesn't care for me, let her have him, by all means."

"Hugh, I'll never speak to you again! You've treated that poor girl abominably."

"Oh, if you wish it, I'm off," and with an exasperating want of speed he took himself slowly out of the room.

There was a glimmer of a white dress in the shrubbery, so he followed it reluctantly, thinking of that other night when the moon was shining, and he stole a kiss from the lips of his love. Yes, she was his love, and when he married Marian, for the sake of his honor, his heart would be always May's.

A man passed him walking fast, with his hat drawn down over his eyes.

"Rejected! Lucky fellow," mused Hugh. "I wish I were in his shoes."

He moved aside the boughs of a willow with an unwilling hand, then sprang forward, for May was standing before him, with blushes on her cheeks, and a happy light in her eyes.

"You've come at last," she said softly, when her hands were in his, and he looking down into her face with indescribable longing and pain.

"Yes, and I wish to Heaven I hadn't. I ran away from temptation only to find it again. May, you must understand!" his agitation growing.

"I don't understand," the tears rushing into her eyes as she tried to snatch her hands away. "Why did you come back, if you didn't want to?"

"They told me Marian was here, and no one else."

"If you mean Miss Wyndham," very coldly, "she left a fortnight ago."

"I am talking of Miss Chesterfield."

The blue eyes opened wide.

"I know of no Miss Chesterfield except myself."

"Yourself! What do you mean? For Heaven's sake tell me!"

"Captain Fortescue, if this is a joke, I don't see the fun of it!" turning away.

He placed himself in front of her, his face white as death.

"May, you are not my cousin?"

"If I am not, I don't know who I am."

"Oh, my darling, what a fool I've been! Can you ever forgive me?" a heaven of joy breaking over his handsome face.

"You took Marian for me, but you asked me," looking puzzled.

"No, I never asked you; but it isn't too late."

"You did, or I never should have let you——" her blushes showing what her lips did not dare to say.

"You didn't let me; but I stole it, and I'll do it again, and again!" and with his lips to hers he claimed her for his own.

CONCERNING WEDDINGS.

In a comprehensive article on wedding etiquette occur the following useful items:

No one hour is more fashionable than another for a wedding. Many large weddings are arranged for the evening this fall.

If a wedding entertainment is to be given, it usually immediately follows the marriage ceremony, which may take place either at church or at home, quite privately or in the presence of numerous friends, who are also invited to the entertainment. Invitations may be sent to either marriage or entertainment separately. Invitations to a church ceremony may be sent to many friends, while a limited number are asked to the ensuing entertainment at home. This church invitation reads, "Request the honor of your presence," or "Request your presence," the name of the church being printed immediately below the date.

Again, the marriage ceremony may be performed in the presence of only a few friends, in church or at home, and the invitation may simply "request the pleasure of your company at the wedding reception of their daughter," the hours "4 to 6" or "8 to 10" being added.

The announcement of a marriage needs no reply. Neither does an invitation to a church ceremony only. Your presence at a wedding reception is a reply. If you do not attend, your card should be sent at the appointed time. In case of repeated receptions a card sent to the last one is sufficient.

Wedding gifts may be sent at any time after cards are received, but are not shown except to intimate friends and privately. Each gift should be acknowledged by note or personal thanks of the bride.

In the case of a church full dress wedding the bride is attended by a maid of honor and bridesmaids, and the groom by a "best man." The ushers—usually four in number—are at the church early to receive and conduct guests to seats. The guests may be in walking or visiting costume, or perhaps in the full dress in which they afterward assist at the reception.

The front seats are reserved for the family and near friends—those of the bride upon one side and those of the groom upon the other. The ushers inquire of each guest upon which side he wishes to be seated. These seats are divided from the rest of the church by a white satin ribbon, which is taken down and put up after each arrival with commendable assiduity.

A Struggle for the Whip.—Edwin Booth was once playing Petruchio with an actress considerably larger than himself, and he thought she let go the whip too readily when, as Petruchio, he wrested it from the hand of Katharine. So, after the play was over, he said:

"You must hold on to the whip with more firmness to-morrow night. Grasp it as hard as you can; I'll get it away from you, never fear!"

The next performance of "Katharine and Petruchio" came, and Booth attempted to take the instrument of flagellation from the lady who represented his spouse.

It was of no use. She held on to it with a grasp of iron, and the audience soon began to see the joke, and applauded the actress to the echo.

Finally, out of pure good nature, she unloosed her hold, and the play proceeded. When the curtain fell, the actor had no further advice to give.

Egyptian Dogs.—When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile he goes a short distance up the river, and howls for some time. The crocodiles, being attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to the place, while the dog hastily runs to the part which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety.

Bric-a-Brac.

Bees as Carriers.—A Frenchman, M. Toynac, has been experimenting, and seriously considers the advisability of bees for carrier pigeons in carrying messages. A tiny piece of paper is pasted on the back of the bee, with a cipher message on it, and, when the bee returns to its hive, it can enter only through round perforations which will not let its paper through, so the message is easily found.

The Horseshoe Superstition.—The horseshoe superstition is very old. The ancients believed that iron, as a metal, had unknown powers, and would drive nails in their walls to keep off pestilence. It has always been thought uncommonly lucky to find a piece of the metal, and, as horseshoes were the form in which it was most frequently found, the superstitious regard came to be transferred from the material to the shape.

Insects and Numbers.—As indicating the power of insects to understand numbers, an English scientist states that the females of a species of saw-fly, among whom the males are of considerably smaller size than the other sex, regularly assign to the egg from which the larva of the male is to emerge only five little wounded caterpillars for the nourishment of the larva, while they give to the egg which contains a female saw-fly ten such caterpillars.

Swift Justice.—Justice is occasionally swift in Mexico. An American while seated in the Plaza Mayor, in the city of Mexico, missed a field glass. It had been taken from his pocket by a clever rogue. He had not recovered from his amazement when three policemen approached, having in custody the thief, the glass still in his possession. The American was required to go at once with the officers to the court. Here the prisoner was promptly tried, and in fifteen minutes from the time of entering the court-house, he had been sentenced to serve a term of five years in the Mexican army.

The Sacred Elephant.—An uncommonly striking ornament now on exhibition in the window of a famous jeweler is the tusk of a sacred elephant from the East. The tusk, six feet long, is one of the finest and straightest ever brought to this country, and it was valued before mounting at $750. A deal of time and expense have been placed upon the metal work of the mounting, and the whole design is thoroughly East Indian. The tusk itself has only been polished, so that its natural characteristics remain, and even the marks of the Oriental Custom House, through which it came, have not been removed.

Value of the Shilling in 1600.—We know that in Shakespeare's day, say A. D. 1600, 6d. a day was a fortune for any working man, say the equivalent of £10 per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwickshire left an annuity of 40s. per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-granduncle. Then if 6d. a day would now be the equivalent to 20s. a week, then 40s. per annum would equate to £120 of present values. Valid facts in minor details can be gleaned from the late Prof. Thorold Rogers's "History of Agriculture and Prices."

The Sleeper's Answer.—There is a choice recipe in which the owl figures "to make anyone that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask" given in "Physick for the Poor," published in London in 1657, says "All the Year Round." It says that you are to "take the heart of an owl and his left leg and put that upon the breast of one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal whatsoever thou shalt ask them." The Hindus, however, declare that the flesh and blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

The merchant was notoriously close and his clerks were not fond of him. One day he called one of the best of them into his private office. "Charlie," he said, "what would you do if I were to double your salary?" "Fall dead on the spot," exclaimed the young man. The old man's face reddened. "Well," he said, "I do not wish to become a murderer, so we shall let it remain at the old figures," and Charles went out and asked the porter to hit him a whack in the back with a dray pin.

LOVE AND RUE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Go back to the grave I made you,
The grave of peace and rest;
Where roses bloom at your head,
And violets over your breast.

I lined your grave with rose leaves,
I made it wide and deep;
And planted dahlias above you,
And left you there asleep.

I buried you deep in flowers,
In a grave quiet and sweet;
Where birds sang soft above you
In melody all complete.

I said I would forget you,
So I buried you out of sight,
When the summer sun was setting,
And the West was filled with light.

I thought you would never 'waken
In the deep, deep stillness there,
That the past lay all behind me,
With you in the grave-mold there.

I thought that I had forgotten
My love of the long ago;
That my lips would be better for it,
As I wandered to and fro.

But I had forgotten, darling,
With the roses I planted the rue;
And out from its grave the old love came,
The love that was ever true.

The rue, not the roses, 'woke you
From the grave that held you fast;
And whatever comes of the 'waking,
You are mine forever, at last.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OWEN DALE'S OR DEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED)

ALL the time she was inspecting the hotel rooms, and afterwards, while she was changing her dress, there was a feeling in her heart which was like the faint dawning of an unexpected hope. The last awful step was taken; what she had looked forward to with such terror and dread was an accomplished fact, and the reality was far less dreadful than the anticipation. She was conscious of a dim sense of elation at this discovery. Perhaps, after all, if "he" remained as kind and gentle and unobtrusive as he had been to-day, she might in time—— She blushed at the thought, looking upon it as a disloyalty to the memory of Hugh, and was glad of a sudden diversion from Mattie. The woman had had occasion to go to her hand-bag, and had discovered the letter addressed to her mistress.

"I'm ashamed of myself for my carelessness, ma'am," she declared penitently. "I meant to give it to you the minute you came home from church; but we were all so proud and excited that I forgot about it until I went to my bag for the scissors this very minute."

"I don't suppose it matters much, Mattie," answered Hilda, carelessly fingering the thick packet. "I don't know the writing, and I don't know any one who would send me a present from Edinburgh. Why, it is all writing!" she cried, astonished, as she took out several sheets of badly-written manuscript. "It will require some time to read. Finish my dress, Mattie, and I'll take it into the sitting-room, and look through it while I wait for Mr. Hayes."

The sitting-room reserved for them was on the first floor, and from its windows she could see across the short space which lay between the hotel and the pier railway station. She drew a chair near to the open window, and glanced once or twice towards the station before she began to read her long letter. She was half ashamed, half astonished at her anxiety to catch sight of her husband. With an impatient exclamation, she drew out the closely-written sheets and began to read them.

"MADAM—May I take the liberty to ask you if your husband has had the candor to give you the full particulars of his visit to Edinburgh within the last week? Are you aware that the sole purpose of his visit was to call upon an actress named Amabel Mostyn? Do you know that he did call upon her, that he did not leave her apartments until nearly midnight, that they were heard quarrelling over the possession of a ring which she refused to give up, and that she and the house she lived in were burned to ashes that night, the fire, it is believed, having originated in this unhappy lady's room? Unpleasant facts these—still more unpleasant when they are viewed by the light of certain particulars which were unearthed later on.

"One was the fact that your husband had known Miss Mostyn ten years ago in Australia. Another was Mr. Hayes' inability to give a satisfactory account of how he spent his time on the fatal night. He himself declared that he left Miss Mostyn at a few minutes after eleven; but, though the hotel he stopped at was scarcely a mile distant, he did not arrive there until half-past twelve—five minutes after the fire was first discovered. What was he doing in the interval? He said he was walking up and down Prince's Street in the moonlight. Does this strike you as probable?

"One more fact I will place before you—to me it is the blackest in the list. Throughout his stay here he most carefully concealed his real name, being entered in the hotel-books as 'Peter Haynes.' His real name, with the incidents above set down, was discovered by the writer of this only through his being mentioned in the newspapers as the gentleman who was going to marry you. At the interview between him and Miss Mostyn the fact of his approaching marriage with you was alluded to, and this led to the discovery that he passed under an assumed name from the moment of his arrival here. That the unfortunate lady who met her death in so disastrous a fashion had some hold upon him—a hold which he would have given a great deal to shake off—is beyond doubt; and it was a truly unlucky chance which led to his being the last person in her room before the fire broke out. One cannot help wondering if he did succeed in obtaining possession of the ring which she was so determined not to part with and which she declared he himself had placed on her finger many years ago. If he did get it from her, it must have been by force. Perhaps he wears it still, a token of his victory over an enemy effectually silenced for ever; it is a square-cut emerald much rubbed at the edges, with eight small diamonds set round it.

"ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE GUILTY PUNISHED."

Hilda read it slowly and more slowly until she reached the signature, and then her eyes fixed themselves upon the word "guilty," while her mind took in all that it implied. But for one unlucky incident, she would have tossed the vile thing aside and treated it as a malicious fabrication; she remembered Hugh's story as to following Hayes to his hotel in Edinburgh, and being told by the hotel people that the gentleman who had just come in was a "Mr. Peter—something." Since this part of the story was true, might not the rest be true also?

"One who would like to see the guilty punished." Guilty! Guilty of what? Of causing or conniving at a fellow-creature's death! The horror of it came upon her like a blight. Had she loved the man who was thus accused, her first thought would have been of the woman, and of the possible motives which lay behind his desire to rid himself of her. But she did not love him; she was only just beginning to tolerate him, and her distress of mind arose entirely from the thought of the crime itself, the possibility of his having committed it, and the terror of facing him with this awful suspicion in her heart.

While this last terrible thought was forcing itself upon her, she heard his footstep in the room behind her, and felt as if she had been suddenly turned into stone.

Something had happened to please him. His voice was unusually joyous, and he poured out his news in an eager way altogether novel in her experience of him.

"One of the most lucky things has befallen us!" he said. "The moment you left me at the station I fell in with Dauncey Welbeck, a friend of Tenterden's. He has been yachting round the coast; and this afternoon, on coming ashore, he found a letter lying at the office here for him, begging him to hasten up to London with all speed. Something has gone wrong—somebody is trying to work mischief between him and a rich old aunt who is dying I believe. But the chief thing, so far as we are concerned, is that he wants us to make use of his yacht for a week or two. I remembered hearing you say how much you liked yachting: and, when I found that his sister had been on board with him, and that the boat is fitted for a lady's accommodation, I accepted the offer at once. We can do the coast of Normandy and all the towns near the sea-board first, and go inland later on. What do you say? With a few good novels and with the sight-seeing, can you kill a week on board the Firefly, do you think? Hilda"—the name fell from his lips with a sudden change of tone and manner, as she turned slowly round and faced him in the pause following his question—"Hilda child, what is it? Good heavens, do you know how strangely you are looking at me? Are you ill? Shall I call Mattie?"

But, as he moved towards the door, she put out her hand to detain him.

"Stop," she whispered—"stop! Read this before you call anybody!"

Wondering and dismayed, he took the letter she held towards him and stood in the bay-window to read it.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER his first exclamation of astonishment when he realised the gist of the letter, Hayes read the missive through in silence to the end; and then he slowly folded up the sheets, and looked gravely at his young wife.

"Well," he said, sighing heavily, "must I tell you the whole evil story? It is not a suitable story for one's wedding-day: still, if you wish it, I have no choice left."

She did not speak or move, but sat with clasped hands gazing stonily out of the window at the sunlight, the rippling waves, and the merry little children.

"Hilda, look at me!" he said, shocked at her manner. "You don't mean to tell me you put any faith in this disgusting scrawl? Let me see your eyes, Hilda!"

He put his hand upon her shoulder to turn her face towards him, but she shrank back with a shudder and looked up at him terror-stricken.

"Don't touch me! Oh, pray—pray don't touch me!" she gasped. "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? I shall die if you touch me!"

He moved back a step or two at once.

"You think this of me?" he muttered. "I can see it in your eyes! You can think this of the man you profess to care for?"

"I never did!" she cried. "I never said I loved you—never! I was always afraid of you from the first—always! And now —— Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

At that first disclaimer he stepped hastily towards her, but, suddenly checking himself, he strode away to the other end of the room, clenching his hands in furious battle with his own fierce emotion. He turned again when he thought he was sure of himself, and went back to the moaning sobbing girl in the window.

"Do you really mean what you have said?" he asked, as calmly as he could. "Do you really mean that your chief feeling for me is and always has been one of fear?"

"Always!" she answered. "I tried to fight against it, but it was no good."

"Merciful Heaven, how shall I bear this?" he cried. "Child, can you see how cruel you have been to me as well as yourself? Why have you waited until our marriage-day to tell me this awful thing? Why did you not speak while there was yet time?"

"I dared not," she moaned, rocking herself to and fro in mental anguish. "Mamma was so determined, I dared not disobey. She was so set upon the marriage; she pretended not to understand when I hinted at my misery. She went on quietly and calmly with her plans; and I was so lonely and helpless, what could I do?"

"Hinted at your misery!" exclaimed Hayes, in a pitifully hopeless tone. "The thought of me has been a misery to you; and I imagined I was going to make you happy!"

The thought that he had clouded her bright young life had obliterated all memory of the letter he held in his hand. He stood looking down at the bent, sobbing, girlish figure with infinite pity in his sorrowful eyes. Whatever he might have been in the past, the noblest and most blameless of mankind could not have loved this girl more truly or more unselfishly than he did. And she loathed and abhorred him! The knowledge had come upon him so suddenly that he was stunned and bewildered by it. He wrung his hands with a gesture of despair and went away down into the garden in front of the hotel and leaned against the railing, too dazed by the misery of the moment to heed the astonished glances of the gay passers-by. And from the window above, like one who was in a dream, his wife watched him and waited in helpless apathy for his next step.

As soon as the first horror of the discovery of Hilda's real feeling towards him had passed away, he tried to put the selfish aspect of the question aside and consider what was the best thing to do for the innocence helpless girl who was dependent upon him. The expression of her face when she had shrunk from his touch had caused him such a pang as he had never felt before. Never again would he give her cause to look at him like that. The knowledge that he had been deliberately cheated and deceived came to him somewhat slowly. Looking back now, he began to see how cleverly Lady Mildred had contrived to impress him with the belief that Hilda's shrinking and reserve were nothing but the natural outcome of an unusually retiring disposition. Without committing herself in so many words to the declaration that Hilda had confessed privately to a tenderness for him, her ladyship had continually conveyed that idea to him by means of carefully-veiled hints and insinuations. And he, infatuated fool that he was, had been all too willing to believe her!

When Hayes at last walked back to the hotel, he had almost lost sight of the incident which had led to his sudden enlightenment; his mind was so absorbed by the one dismal fact that his wife had never had any feeling but fear and repugnance for him that he scarcely remembered how the discovery had been brought about. His face was very pale and stern when he entered the room where Hilda still sat. He stood at a little distance from her when he spoke, and was careful not to alarm her by any unnecessary warmth of manner.

"Hilda, I want you to listen very carefully to what I am going to say," he began—and she raised her head at once, though she did not turn her face towards him—"and I want you to try to believe that in all I suggest now I am consulting your well-being and comfort before all other considerations. The knowledge of your loathing for me has come upon me very suddenly. I implore you to believe that I would never have allowed you to be driven into marrying me if I had not been led to imagine that I was not wholly displeasing to you. However, the mischief is done, and, no matter what our own feelings may be, we must contrive to keep up appearances before the world. In reality, your disclosure has put us asunder as effectually as though the law had divided us. I love you too deeply, little girl, to be satisfied with anything less than a return in full; it must be all or nothing between us; and, since you cannot give me all your heart, I will take nothing. But, if this estrangement is made known to the world, it will be nothing short of a calamity for both of us. Child as you seem to me, you know enough of the world to understand that that is so, I think."

"Yes," she answered faintly—"I understand that."

"Well, then, you will agree with me that we must do all we can to keep this ugly secret to ourselves?"

She bowed her head in token of assent, and he went on.

"By-and-by, when we are less conspicuously before the world than we are just now, it will be comparatively easy for us both to go our own ways without exciting remark. But, to escape gossip, we are bound at present to spend most of our time in each other's society for a few weeks at least; and during that time my great fear is the servants."

"The servants?" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes—the servants, Mattie and Mordant. How are we to hide our unhappy relations from their keen eyes? Mattie, in particular, looks upon you almost as being in her charge. Do you think she will not notice your low spirits? Suppose she writes to Lady Mildred, or to some of the Morristown servants, and starts the gossip; where will it end?"

"But what can we do?"

"I will tell you. This offer of Welbeck's seems to me now nothing short of providential. We can tell them there is no room for them on board the yacht, and so escape for——"

But she rose up swiftly, her trembling hands clasped across her bosom, and looked at him in terror.

"Accompany you alone?" she cried. "You will not make me do that—oh, you surely will not?"

He put his hand over his eyes, as if the sight of her face hurt him.

"I will 'make' you do nothing," he said hoarsely. "I promise you that I will never force you to do anything against your will. But I ask you to weigh this suggestion carefully and calmly. If you consent to do as I wish, you will never regret it. We shall be free from all observation on board the yacht; we can avoid each other there as we could nowhere else—indeed we need never meet but for luncheon and dinner, if you so desire it. As for being alone with me, you will be less so there than in the Continental

hotels; there is a stewardress on board, and the crew will be around you day and night, ready to obey your lightest wish. But, after all, it must rest with yourself. I was thinking only of you when I made the suggestion; I thought it would be a relief to you not to have to keep up appearances before Mattie. Unless you want to set the world's tongue wagging with the news that we have separated on our wedding-day, I should advise you to leave Mattie believe. Trust yourself to me, Hilda, and I will shield you from everything that is distasteful to you as if you were a well-loved little sister."

"But to leave the servants," she faltered, compelled, in spite of her horror and repugnance, to admit the force of his argument—"surely that of itself would create talk!"

"Yes—people would say we were wildly romantic, and wished to spend our honeymoon literally in a solitude a deux." A bitter laugh broke from him at the irony of the idea, but he checked himself at once with a murmured apology. "When once we have left Mattie and Mordant behind," he added, "we can hide our unhappy heads in out-of-the-way places, where nobody will be interested enough to notice us, until it is time to return to Cruxwold, or to wherever you choose. You shall follow your own inclination without any hindrance from me."

She stood for a moment with pale quivering lips, not knowing what to do for the best.

"You mean to be good to me," she said brokenly—"I am sure of that; but——" She put her trembling hands over her face and, turning away, leaned against the window-frame in a fresh paroxysm of weeping.

He did not attempt to comfort her, but waited patiently until her fit of weeping was over. And his quiet self-restraint reassured her, as he had meant it should.

"May I go to Mattie now?" she asked, when her sobs had left her breath for speech.

"To Mattie?"

"Yes; I will do as you wish—I will trust to your generosity. Mattie must find me another dress—I cannot go on board the yacht in this—and she must put a few things together for me. How long must she prepare for?"

"Tell her for a week or two."

She shivered at the possibility that seemed to be opened up by his words, but made no remark above a listless assent, and went away, passing him with a slight shudder. He moved out of her way instantly, and, when she had passed into the next room, he went over to the spot where she had leaned against the window, and rested his head there with a muffled groan.

"Now isn't it just what I said it would be?" said Mattie to Mordant a few hours later, as they stood on the pier and watched the Firefly's sails rose-tinted in the rays of the setting sun, growing less and less distinct as she steered a straight course for Dungeness. "Didn't I tell you we should have no peace during this trip? Just fancy having to turn out those nig boxes before the wedding-day is over, to find a regular yachting outfit at a minute's notice!"

"Well I don't think we've got much to grumble at, Miss Carnegie," observed Mordant contentedly; "we have a whole week, or perhaps a fortnight, to ourselves, in first-rate quarters and in an uncommonly pleasant place."

"I don't see how we're going to get any enjoyment out of it," grumbled Mattie, "always on the watch for their return."

"It strikes me you needn't begin to worry about that yet a while," said Mordant; "they won't be in a hurry to bring their boating to an end, you'll see! It's my opinion that Mr. Hayes is about as adoring a bridegroom as I've ever seen, and you may depend on it they'll stick to their lonely bliss as long as there's any excuses for it. I shouldn't be surprised if we had a whole month of dolchy farnyenty to ourselves before they turned up again."

"Oh, bother the dolchy business, whatever it is!" responded plain-spoken Mattie, who was determined not to be pleased with the unconventional arrangement. "I came on this journey to look after my young leddy and see to her little comforts, and I'm one that always likes to do what I undertake!"

"I shouldn't worry myself about that neither," returned Mordant, with philosophical tranquility. "Mr. Hayes will see that his lady suffers no inconvenient, you may take my word for that. Bless you, he's as handy as a woman! It comes of his long knocking about out in Australia, I suppose. I don't see what he wants with a valet myself, except for keeping his wardrobe in order, for he'll never let you do a thing for him. Don't you worry—Mrs. Hayes'll be as well looked after as ever she was in her life!"

But Mattie was not to be comforted, and marched off towards the hotel, after a last glance at the distant sails of the yacht, with a resolutely aggrieved expression on her face. Mordant followed, smiling at the unaccountable jealousy of "some people."

It was only two days later that Lord Tenderden met Dauncey Welbeck at his club, and heard from him of the romantic flight of the newly-married couple. Considerably amused, he took the story home to Wilton Crescent, where Lady Mildred and Terry Sugden were still guests.

"The greatest joke is their leaving the servants behind," he concluded. "Dauncey says there was plenty of accommodation for them on the boat. He has had a party of ten on board her for month at a stretch."

Lady Mildred looked puzzled and rather disturbed, and Terry almost unconsciously glanced over at Hugh's clouded face.

"Perhaps Mattie is a bad sailor," she suggested. "It would be too cruel to have one's honeymoon spoilt by such a contretemps as that."

"I don't know at all," said Lady Mildred; "I have never had occasion to try her."

"Then you may depend that is the reason," Terry asserted conclusively.

"I think it is delightfully poetical and ideal, and all the sort of thing," said Lady Aline. "I begin to think there is more in that silent sun-browned giant with the blue eyes than we ever gave him credit for."

"Our shy little Hilda is bringing out the hidden romance of his nature," remarked Tenterden laughingly.

And, when Lady Mildred saw how generally this opinion was accepted among her friends, her brow became smooth again.

CHAPTER VIII.

PIERREPOINT HAYES would have put off the ceremony and merry-making of the home-coming if it had been possible; but in the days before he had made his terrible discovery, while he still believed his marriage was to prove the crowning joy of his hitherto hard loveless life, it had been arranged that there should be a grand entertainment for the tenants when the owner of Cruxwold brought his bride to his lovely Kentish home.

He expressed his regret to Hilda that she should be troubled by receiving these public congratulations; but she agreed at once that it was a necessity, and must be endured.

Hilda had grown staid, calm, and self-possessed during the few weeks that had elasped since her marriage. It almost seemed sometimes to her husband as if she had lost all sense of emotion in the awful ordeal of her wedding-day. She never displayed any signs of shrinking or terror in his presence now—indeed it would have been strange if she had, considering how scrupulously careful he was never to speak to her with more warmth than he would have shown in addressing the most ordinary acquaintance.

And to her also it seemed as if the spring of all vivid emotion, for good or for evil, had dried up in her in that awful hour when she discovered that she was tied for life to a man over whom there hung a suspicion of murder. Although she was so calm in his presence, she had never, since her marriage, spent a minute alone in his society without that terrible thought pressing on her brain like a hideous dream. The haunting horror might grow dim with time; but at present she could not shake it off for a moment whenever she was left alone with him.

During the memorable cruise in the Firefly, when, after a long morning on deck in the strong Channel breeze, she sometimes felt drowsy after luncheon in the saloon, and closed her eyes for a minute or two, with the musical splashing of the water against the sides of the boat and the flapping of the sails making a delightful lullaby in her ears, the sound of her husband's voice at the other end of the vessel would recall her misery with a shock which set her heart beating wildly. At other times, when he had been sitting still and silent for some minutes, a slight movement of his would startle her. But these tricks of the nerves were growing rare now, and she was gradually becoming outwardly apathetic when in his presence.

It was a great misfortune that he should have been so sensitive to her manner. The distant politeness which he maintained in deference to her feelings she imputed to his determination to avoid any allusion to the past tragedy in Edinburgh, a matter about which he scarcely ever thought. It had never occurred to him that Hilda's frigid bearing was the result of that slanderous letter from Edinburgh; he accepted it as the natural consequence of having been forced into a loveless marriage. When he did think of the letter at all, it was to feel thankful that the writer had been unaware of the true relation the dead woman had borne to him. That added humiliation, he told himself, would have filled poor little Hilda's cup of sorrow to the brim.

But, in spite of all her misery, Hilda could not help enjoying the return to Cruxwold. The lovely red-brick house, with one long straggling wing full of low-ceiled ancient rooms, the quaint Elizabethan garden on to which these old rooms opened, the landscape garden facing the modern part of the house, the old orchard, with mulberry-tree, grass-plot, and sundial complete, which lay beyond the clipped yew hedge, and the beautiful park, with its bosky thickets and bracken-filled dells, were to her a source of never-ending delight. It was her first experience of the garden-like beauties of the South of England, and she did not attempt to hide her enthusiastic admiration.

Mrs. Burtenshaw, the Rector's wife, was amused at her child-like ardor. It was on the day following their arrival that the two ladies met in one of the by-ways of the park, it being, in fact, the near cut from the Rectory to "the House," as Cruxwold was invariably styled in the neighborhood. Hilda was at some little distance from the path when she first saw Mrs. Burtenshaw coming towards her, and, had it not been for the presence of the little sailor-clad lad with long fair hair running at her side, who had presented the bride with a huge bonquet at the home-coming the day before, she would hardly have recognized her. But, if she was slow at recognition, the dogs were not. The dogs at Cruxwold, who had done their new mistress the honor to accept her at sight, had insisted upon accompanying her on what would otherwise have been a lonely ramble. They saw Mrs. Burtenshaw before Hilda did, and flew off to greet the visitor with the wildest signs of delight.

Hilda, in spite of her shyness, felt that she must come down from the knoll where she had been enjoying the beauty of the view, and do her best to seem pleased to see her visitor.

"I'm afraid you will think I am in a dreadful hurry," said the bright-faced little lady apologetically; "but I was so anxious to pay my call and get way again before the rush began. I am always so lost in a crowd, Mrs. Hayes. You see, I have no sense, of my own importance—rather an unusual thing in a clergyman's wife, let me tell you! I know that I ought to be a person of importance at our local gatherings, but somehow I never am; I'm a nonentity, and miserably conscious of the fact. This time I thought I'd be clever, and force a little notice from you by having you all to myself."

"It is very kind of you," Hilda answered gently, as they went on slowly towards the house. "I am finding out what a very beautiful place this new home of mine is. I never saw such a lovely country before!"

"Yes, Cruxwold is very pretty; though you really want somebody who knows the country to show you the choice bits. Do you know, I was a little afraid I should find myself rather de trop this morning? I was quite relieved when I saw you were alone."

A faint flush suffused Hilda's cheeks; but she answered with complete self-possession—

Mr. Hayes is absorbed in stable matters this morning; he was not able to act as cicerone. How well Hubert gets on with the dogs!"

"They are old friends," rejoined Mrs. Burtenshaw, conscious that the subject of conversation was changed purposely. "After the death of old Mr. Hayes, the poor beasties were disconsolate—he was a great lover of dogs—and in sheer pity Hubert and I took to coming up whenever I had an hour to spare to get them out for a run; they remember it, you see, although they have a new ally now. Did they make much fuss over their master's return last night?"

"Yes; Minnie, the Skye terrier, I thought would have a fit."

"Ah, it was wonderful how they took to Mr. Hayes from the very first! The Rector said they recognized the family voice. I don't know that that is possible; but, at any rate, they accepted him without a murmur. Do you know, I believe in a dog's discernment, Mrs. Hayes! I don't believe dogs ever take at first sight to anybody who has anything mean or cowardly or cruel in their nature."

"I think Bill Sikes was cruel and mean," murmured Hilda.

"Ah, but his dog was indebted to him for his food and his home! It was not instinct pure and simple that prompted that affection; there was a question of duty, and perhaps even a sense of favors received."

Hilda smiled and let the point drop.

"Is Hubert your only treasure, Mrs. Burtenshaw?"

"Yes. We have been unfortunate; I have lost two babies in the last four years."

Hilda turned her tender gray eyes to the suddenly clouded face at her side.

"Oh, pray forgive me!" she said, in quick compassion. "Two—one after the other! It must have been hard to bear. How you must watch Hubert with fear and trembling! You must be a very brave woman, Mrs. Burtenshaw, to be able to be so bright under your trouble."

"It was for my husband's sake, Mrs. Hayes; his heart was nearly broken. I had to put my own great sorrow aside to comfort him, and that gave me strength. Heaven grant you may never be called upon to play the comforter in similar circumstances!"

"Yes, indeed!" murmured Hilda fervently. It seemed impossible to avoid disquieting topics this morning.

The path they were following took them to a green door in the orchard wall, and thence through the orchard and the quadrangle garden, with its trim yew arbors and formal lawns and flower-beds, to the picturesque casemented windows of the old wing, now all standing open to the warm flower-scented August air.

"This is my favorite part of the house, Mrs. Burtenshaw," said Hilda. "If the dear old blue parlor only had a door-window opening on to this lovely sunny place, with its southernwood and sweet-briar and other delicious scents, I should want to make my sanctum there. I love these queer old rooms! Some day, when the housekeeper has a spare morning, I shall make her bring her keys and have a royal hunt among all the curiosities in the three-cornered cabinets and cupboards in this wing."

"Mr. Hayes likes these rooms too," rejoined the Rector's wife; "but his favorite is the dragon parlor—the first one nearest the grand hall. The blue parlor is the one, farthest from the new part—isn't it? Why don't you have a French window put in? I would make a delightful retreat, right away from the noise and bustle of the reception-rooms. I should speak to Mr. Hayes about it at once; so that you could enjoy the lovely weather of the next two months in your summer parlor."

"What is that, Mrs. Burtenshaw?" asked the master of the house, coming up behind them on the velvety grass-walk, which stretched down the middle of the garden. "What is it you would speak to Mr. Hayes about at once?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SACRED PIGEONS OF VENICE.—It may be of interest to such readers as like to sentimentalize on sacred subjects to know that the "holy pigeons of St. Mark's" have been recognized as such by the authorities of Venice for more than a thousand years—ever since the year 877. In the olden times it was the custom of the sacristans of St. Mark's Church to release doves and pigeons, fettered with paper, after the religious services of Palm Sunday.

The fetters partially disabled the poor birds, and such of those as did not escape were caught by the people, and who fatted them for Easter dinner. Sometimes one and sometimes a dozen of the poor fluttering creatures would manage to break the paper thongs which bound wings and feet together, whereupon they almost invariably sought refuge on the roof and in the steeples of the historic old church. All of the escaped birds assumed a certain sacredness, and, it being against the law to kill or harm them in any way, increased to enormous numbers.

During the time of the republic the "Sacred Pigeons of St. Mark's" became objects of national solicitude, tons of grain being annually supplied for their maintenance. After the fall of the republic thousands of them starved to death and all would have died but for provision made by a pious old lady whose will perpetually provides for them.

He stands but a poor chance of amending the world who cannot at the same time amuse it.

MY LITTLE ONES.

BY M. A. K.

To you they seem but children fair,
Perhaps a trouble and a care;
But ah! my little ones, you see,
My friend, are all the world to me!

Their earnest questions, grave and queer,
With marked indifference you hear;
While I these childish queries find
But blossoms of the human mind.

When I unsullied truth would learn,
My friend, I question them in turn,
And treasure up the answers wise,
Prompted, it seems, from yonder skies.

My little one, so bright and free,
May God in kindness spare to me,
That I by these sweet treasures given,
May learn the surest road to Heaven.

That I may look on each young face,
And thereby daily, hourly, trace
An index to the spirit free,
My God would ever have in me.

When Guy Comes Home

BY L. E.

THE month of July, but the weather so unfavorable that the excursion train advertised to carry at cheap rates visitors to London and the latest exhibition, had not been half filled, and all day long the rain came down so persistently that Noel Trenton and his mother decided that it would be more prudent to return home by an early train than to wait for the later one.

"It's a pity," said comely Mrs. Trenton, rubbing some dabs of mud off her handsome black silk mantle, and glancing ruefully at the neat skirts, that, in spite of much carefully pinning up, were wet and dirty, "it's a pity we ventured, but better luck next time. The rain was badly wanted, and we've seen enough to keep our thoughts and our tongues going for one while."

Her son smiled and nodded assent as he put her into the most comfortable second-class carriage he could find, and advised her to put up her feet and try to get a comfortable sleep.

"Judging by appearances, we shall have no fellow-travelers to disturb us," he added, as he folded the rug he proposed to lay over her.

But scarcely were the words spoken, when a porter ran up and opened the door to admit a delicate, lady-like woman in the first weeds of widowhood, accompanied by four young girls, evidently her daughters, as they also were in the deepest mourning.

A busy, fussy little gentleman handed in several wraps and packages and baskets and then slipped into the carriage himself to shake hands with the lady, and bestow little pecks—they could not be called kisses—on the cheeks of her companions.

"Well, good-bye, Augusta—good-bye, girls! I shall feel quite comfortable about you when I hear that you are fairly settled at Hampsley."

Involuntarily Noel and Mrs. Trenton exchanged glances, and regarded the widow with more interest, for was not their own home at the pretty Midland village just mentioned?

"Good-bye—good-bye all," repeated the gentleman. "Keep up your spirits, Augusta; it's a duty, you know, a positive duty, and, really, you've been most fortunate in securing such a home; and country air and living will do wonders for you. Perhaps I shall contrive to pay you a visit before the winter sets in, and I shall expect to find you quite reconciled—resigned—and all that——"

"Time's up, sir," interposed the guard.

And not sorry for the interruption, the widow's friend jumped out, leaving her with her face buried in her handkerchief.

Mrs. Trenton had also lost her husband, and though it was years since, she still remembered him so fondly, that her warm heart went out to this bereaved family. But they completely ignored her presence and sympathetic looks, till she went to the assistance of the younger girls—more children—who were in trouble with the Persian kitten that persisted in escaping from the basket in which they tried to keep it prisoner.

The two elder girls were not so approachable; one of them certainly gave Mrs. Trenton a grateful smile, and whispered to her little sisters not to be troublesome, but she was absorbed in her mother; and the other, and by far the most beautiful of the widow's daughters, was absorbed in herself.

Not too much so, however, to frown a rebuke to Mysie and Menie when they forgot themselves so far as to laugh at the frolics of their kitten, now persuaded to stay in Mrs. Trenton's lap. When she looked round again one of them was on Noel Trenton's knee, the other leaning against his shoulder, the while he pointed out pretty spots in the country through which they were rapidly passing.

"Why don't you look after those tiresome children, Everill?" she said, in French, to her sister. "You should not let them make acquaintance with strangers."

Everill, who had been chafing the cold hands of her mother, murmuring caressing words to her, and endeavoring to induce her to swallow a few drops of wine, reddened furiously, for the quizzical smile on Noel's face told her that he had understood the purport of Lenore's pettish speech. She was not sorry that they stopped just then at Hampsley station, and a driving shower of hail compelled them all to take shelter in a very tiny waiting-room.

But neither was she oblivious of the fact that after their fellow passenger had carefully led his mother across the platform, he came back to assist the widow in alighting, and made her lean on his arm till he had guided her trembling steps into the station.

During the half hour spent in the dreary occupation of watching the rain beat heavily against the windows, the Trentons learned that Mrs. Darcy and her daughters were bound for a very old house about a mile beyond the village.

They also gleamed from her allusions to her recent loss that it had been very sudden, and it was also not difficult to guess that Mr. Darcy, a very clever surgeon, successful in his practice, had lived up to his income if not beyond it. There could be no other reason why his widow was about to take up her residence in the house which had been lent to her, she said, by her uncle, Sir John Smitherly.

Everyone in Hampsley knew that the owner of the Gables was such an eccentric, miserly old man that, after having let the old mansion furnished, till the furniture was so shabby, and repairs so sadly needed, that no one would live in it, he had allowed it to stand empty rather than spend any money upon repairs.

"I couldn't resist, taking aside that dear little girl they called Everill," Mrs. Trenton confided to her son as they watched the party drive away in the station fly, "and asking her if her mother had any idea of the condition in which she would find the Gables. I was sorry to startle her so; but I thought I ought to prepare them a little, especially as Mrs. Darcy is an invalid, and the pretty daughter talked as if she expected to find that wretchedly neglected place in the best of order."

"I'm afraid," said Noel, gravely, "it's one of those cases in which pride and poverty will find a difficulty in getting reconciled. If that poor soul has nothing to depend upon for herself and her children but old Sir John's generosity, she will fare badly."

"I think I'll drive over there in the pony-chaise to-morrow," said Mrs. Trenton, presently; "just to ask how they are after their journey. It will be but neighborly."

She carried out her kindly intention, taking with her a chicken and some jelly for the invalid, and such a basket of fruit for Mysie and Menie, that the children were in ecstacies. She saw no one else but the old woman who acted as caretaker; Mrs. Darcy was too poorly to leave her room, and her elder daughters had gone into the village to do some shopping.

However, they walked to Heathside Farm on the morrow, to thank Mrs. Trenton; Lenore's eyes still bearing traces of the tears of disappointment she had been shedding, and Everill's sweet, if not exactly pretty face, looking sadly anxious and troubled for one so young.

It was not she, however, but her sister, whose reserve, thawing before the cordiality of the Trentons, broke into vehement complaints of Sir John's behavior.

"And we were so glad to get away from London, and uncle Ellis—you saw him at the station, he married mamma's half-sister, and thinks himself privileged to advise her."

"Dear Lenore, you forgot that he has put Rob and Dick to an excellent school," interposed Everill.

"And has traded upon that one act of generosity, which he can very well afford, to harass poor mamma dreadfully. As if, with her delicate health, and sensitive temperament, she could have consented to let lodgings, or open a school."

"But, Lenore, those were the only plans that suggested themselves, and——"

"Oh, pray don't revive such a miserable subject, our relatives have treated us cruelly; and that deceitful old Sir John worst of all. One comfort, it will not last long. Only till Guy comes home, eh, Everill?"

Her sister reddened, hung her head, and then starting up, expressed a wish to see Mrs. Trenton's garden; and Noel volunteering to show the way, she quickly followed him.

Lenore laughed significantly,, as she slipped her arm through that of Mrs. Trenton, who was preparing to accompany her guests.

"Evie is so ridiculously shy. I don't know why she should mind your knowing that she is engaged. She met her future at Liverpool, where she was visiting a school friend; and they are to be married as soon as Guy Moffatt comes back from Jamaica, where he has large estates. Papa, poor dear papa, insisted on a year's engagement, because Evie is so young."

"I hope this Mr. Moffatt will be a good son to your mother, my dear," said Mrs. Trenton.

"Oh, yes. He has written to beg me to draw on his banker for any sum she may require. He is immensely rich, but Everill will not hear of it. And he is nice looking, judging by his photograph."

She laughed at Mrs. Trenton's bewilderment.

"Ah! you don't understand. I have not yet made the acquaintance of my brother-in-law elect. I was at Paris, finishing my education, when he followed Evie to London, and proposed."

"What use do you intend making of your education now?" she was asked.

Lenore stared.

"Do you mean that I could go out as a governess? Oh, no; I could not endure the dull routine and worry of teaching. I suppose," and she laughed softly—"I suppose I must endure my fate patiently till Guy comes home. When Everill is married she must take me out with her, and find me a rich husband."

"She is the loveliest girl I have ever seen," exclaimed Noel Trenton, when the sisters, their hands full of his best roses, had said their adieus, and Lenore looked back to smile at him.

"Yes, she is very pretty," said his mother, so hesitatingly, that he reproached her for it.

"Only pretty? Nonsense. She has a face and figure that are almost perfect."

"And a heart to match? I am inclined to doubt whether she has one at all."

"Pooh, the happy fellow hasn't turned up yet whose destiny it is to help her find it. There's romance for you, mother! But, in sober reality, Lenore Darcy is the first girl who has come up to my ideal of a beauty."

Mrs. Darcy made no reply, but as she bent over her knitting she mentally exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! if he should fall in love with her! My poor boy, what a frightful mistake it will be!"

* * * * * *

By Noel's advice, and with his assistance, Mrs. Darcy shut up all the larger apartments at the Gables, and gathered the best of the furniture into a cozier suite of rooms in the wing of the building that had suffered least from the weather and neglect.

Here the winter at all events must be spent, for the sum of one hundred per annum was all that the fussy little Mr. Ellis had contrived to secure to her.

To women with such expensive tastes as the widow and her elder daughter still cherished, this sum was a mere nothing, and Everill, on whose shoulders fell all the burden of housekeeping, found it, at times, a crushing one.

"If I could but earn something," she sighed, one day, as she was being escorted home from Heathside Farm by Noel. When her vexations became overwhelming, she had fallen into a habit of going there, not to utter any complainings, but to sit on a low stool, and rest her head against the knee of Mrs. Trenton, the soft touch of whose caressing hand on her hair, and cheer prognostications of brighter days by-and-by, always sent her home again comforted, and with renewed courage.

Everill was rarely noticed by those who went into raptures at sight of Lenore. She was gentle, pleasant-looking young creature, with honest, gray eyes, whose one accomplishment was the sweet, plaintive voice that had first drawn upon her the notice of Guy Moffatt. That she was the most affectionate of nurses to her querulous, ailing mother—that she taught and played with her little sisters—cooked, ironed, dusted, made up in a hundred ways for the deficiencies of the old woman who was the only servant they could afford—and strove to eke out their small income by every economy she could practice, was known to few besides her own family. The indolent Lenore bewailed herself loudly because she had to alter and re-trim her own dresses, or was sometimes asked to assist in making a frock for one of the little ones—any further assistance she never dreamed of giving. Indeed, she had been absent during the dullest weeks of the long, dreary winter, joyfully accepting invitations from the few who still remembered and compassionated "those unlucky Darcys."

"I wish I could earn money as other girls do, that write or paint, or make lace!" said Everill.

It was first time she had ever breathed such a wish in the hearing of Noel Trenton, though they were the best of friends, and unconsciously to herself she valued his brotherly kindness, and revolted against the meanness with which Lenore accepted the many dainty gifts he brought from his mother's dairy and store-room, yet spoke of him scornfully as a mere clodhopper.

"When have you any idle moments that want filling up, you busy bee?" demanded Noel, lightly. "My mother says you do too much as it is, so where would painting or novel writing fit in?"

"I could get up earlier, and go to bed later," Everill replied; "and a few pounds now and then would be such a help. Mamma says I must be a bad manager, and I am afraid she is right; but if I could make amends—please don't laugh at me, Mr. Trenton, this is a serious trouble to me."

"Poor little girl," he said, kindly, "I'd willingly help you if I knew how; but take heart, the spring is coming, and then your troubles will be at an end, will they not?"

Everill shook her head.

"Guy will be detained for some weeks longer than we expected, in consequence of a law suit, and so——"

She said no more, and her companion was silent also till he had opened the gate for her to pass into the garden.

"There is money to be made here," he murmured, as he looked round. "If these trees were thinned and pruned, they would bear as they used to do when the fruit garden at the Gables was reckoned the most prolific in Hampsley. And there is ample space and accommodation here for poultry keeping on a small scale—nothing pays better, if well managed."

Everill listened eagerly, detained him to answer a score of questions, and went to Heathside again the following day to learn more particulars from Mrs. Trenton. Nor did she permit herself to be discouraged by Lenore's angry astonishment at such unladylike proceedings, of her mother's feeble wail:

"What will Mr. Moffatt say to me when he comes home?"

By the sale of the only valuable piece of jewelry Everill possessed, her poultry-yard was stocked; Noel found a man who could dig and plant under her supervision. He himself taught her to prune, and graft, and bud, and she was such an apt pupil, that long ere a telegram announced Guy Moffatt's return to England, the once neglected garden was repaying her for her trouble; and the old carrier was conveying to the market town the delicious produce of her strawberry-beds; while the apricots and peaches on the walls were beginning to blush beneath the kisses of the sun.

When Mr. Moffatt came to the Gales it was so suddenly, so soon after his telegram, that Lenore had to receive and entertain him, while Everill rushed upstairs to rid herself of gardening apron and gloves, etc.

Lenore, conscious of being well dressed, was in the best of spirits, and looking her loveliest when Everill came forward, and timidly laid her hand in her lover's; her eyes were moist, her voice uncertain, for how could she forget what had occured since their last meeting?

And seeing her so deeply affected, Guy Moffatt found it a relief to turn to her beautiful sister, and watch her admiringly as she poured out the tea that was brought in for him, and treated him with that flattering deference, and evinced that pleasure in his society, which is so very gratifying to the manly vanity.

Before he had been at the Gables twenty-four hours, he had criticised Everill's appearance somewhat unkindly.

"You have not taken much care of your complexion, my dear," he said, "and your hands are frightfully burned. For my sake you should have avoided this."

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JUSTICES AND JUDGMENTS.

Lord Cockburn was fond of insisting that much art is involved in the sentencing of culprits.

"The old Judges," he notes in his diary, "used generally to abuse the prisoner. The feelings of a later age would not tolerate this. But they have introduced a sermonising system which it requires some courage to avoid. Even in the slightest case, not extending beyond imprisonment, the prisoner must always be reminded of his latter end and of his immortal sin, and two of us very rarely ever fail to point out the way of salvation by actually naming redemption and the Redeemer."

He himself did little of this "sermonising," which, by having been applied indiscriminately to every case, had lost its effect.

His own view was that it was the best, on the whole, for a judge to point out the "personal and immediate consequences of crime;" and he once declared that if he were a malefactor he would rather be sentenced by Moncrieff than by any judge he ever knew.

The choice is singular enough, for it was Cockburn's favorite who discovered—and the discovery delighted Brougham—that it was a greater crime to kill a paramour than to kill a wife. Moncrieff told a prisoner, in sentencing him to death, that if the murdered woman had been his wife there might have been some apology for him, since there was no other way of getting rid of her; but as the victim was only an associate, she might have been left at any time.

Cockburn's contention, however, is in the main quite sound—in fact, judgments of any kind require very careful handling. Even the best of those committed to paper seem nothing to the lay mind; but, on the other hand, the lawyer necessarily reserves his warmest admiration for such decisions.

One of the longest and most elaborate of these—it took an hour and a half in delivery—was given in connection with the Maidenhead fishery case by Mr. Justice North, whose ability and care are as remarkable as in the elaborate politeness of Sir Francis Jeune in separating man and wife.

So mild-mannered is the President of the Divorce Court that, if he were attached to a division which punishes prisoners, he might beat the "record" of the well-bred Baron Alderson. The Baron, so the story goes, once sentenced a man to fifteen years' transportation. As the prisoner was walking from the dock, the Judge called him back and politely observed—

"I beg your pardon, but I have made a mistake. I have condemned you to fifteen years' penal servitude, but I find, on looking at the Act of Parliament, that I cannot give you less than twenty. However," he added, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "it makes no difference to you; either term will see the end of your natural life."

Everything goes on so smoothly in the law courts, however, that there seems no art in sentencing prisoners. Experience of police courts will produce a very different impression. How few of the class which Matthew Arnold described as having a "fondness for horses and an inability to grasp ideas" can deliver judgment "decently and in order!

All the world knows the stock story, told at the expense of Justice Shallow, and also as an example of what logicians call the non sequitur, of the magistrate who said—

"John! John! this is sad indeed. God Almighty has given you health and strength, instead of which you go about stealing ducks!"

It now seems that this is not an invention, or, at any rate, it had been fathered on the Rev. Mr. Alderson, who presided at Sheffield, and who was certainly quite capable of saying anything.

A neighbor of the "instead of which" celebrity perpetrated something almost as bad as the immortal utterance about ducks.

Several laborers were charged at Skipton with assaulting a number of Irishmen, one of whom they ducked in the river till he was nearly drowned. The chairman was greatly horrified.

"Think," exclaimed he, addressing the prisoners, "how narrowly you have escaped the gallows! You kept dipping your victim and pushing him continually under water. One other dip might have dipped him into the womb of eternity; one more push might have pushed him into the presence of his Maker!"

This is just like amateur judges; they always think it necessary to say what might have happened if—. One other instance of the bathetic sublime comes to mind.

The writer heard a chairman of petty sessions deliver himself as follows, which is pretty much what many country bigwigs are supposed to think:—

"Poaching—and I beg the gentlemen of the press to make a note of this—is a crime little, if at all, less serious than murder, though unfortunately the law makes a great distinction between the two."

Even the prisoner laughed.

These, to be sure, are exceptional cases; but the usual run of judgments by the Great Unpaid are gems indeed. There is no more infallible way of cultivating cheap cynicism than to attend country police courts.

If our justices of the peace would only take to heart the advice of the great advocate of silence, Carlyle, we should estimate them, as a class, very differently. Lord Coleridge, espousing Carlyle's doctrine at the opening of the Birmingham Law Courts, hoped that there might be a long succession of English Judges: "Not only men of sturdy independence and wise integrity, of scholarly attainments and of courteous demeanor, but, above all, silent."

We have, in truth, too much talk, particularly from the Bench. Even Lord Coleridge has at times allowed his tongue to run away with him—witness his celebrated assertion that he would not believe any man on oath who said that he cared nothing for his own personal advancement.

In delivering judgments the fewest words are, perhaps, best; and it is as well never, or very rarely, to give reasons. That, at any rate, is the safest plan. Sir John Leach, who sat in the Rolls Court, was one judge out of the many who have followed it. Half a dozen words nearly always sufficed for him, but he contrived to utter them in such a way as to convey his opinion of the application. Lord Mansfield affirms of a friend of his, too, that he was appointed governor of a West India island, and that he feared having to sit as a judge and decide according to his notions of common sense, but never give reasons, "for," said he, "your judgment will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong."

Following this advice, the governor earned a great reputation as a judge. He, in consequence, began to "fancy himself," in provincial language, and to give reasons. In one case these were so outrageous that a clamor was raised in England for the recall of the governor.

The few words that are said should, in criminal cases, be much to the point, and not the stereotyped commonplaces of the Bench, the same on nearly all occasions alike. Perhaps the judgments of Mr. Justice Maule most nearly conformed to these conditions. One of his forcible bits of satire—too hackneyed to quote—was instrumental in bringing about a reform of the divorce laws. He was equally successful in the greatest trial he ever had. A prisoner, on being found guilty, exclaimed—

"May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it!"

The case being as clear as daylight, court and spectators were alike shocked at this awful blasphemy. Maule looked very grave and waited an unusually long time before he began. At last, amid painful silence, he said—

"As Providence had not seen fit to interpose in your case, it now becomes my duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law," etc.

An ordinary man would have said either nothing or much.

An Eighteenth Century Coach.—The carriage in which the recently married Crown Princess of Austria made her entry into Vienna is a marvel of the coach-builder's art.

The carriage was built in the year 1760, at Madrid, for the Emperor Charles IV., in the rich baroque style then in fashion. It is lined within with crimson silk, and adorned with gold fringes.

The roof is also similarly lined, and from its four corners hang tassels of gold. Round the edge of the roof is a great deal of elaborate bronze work, at the four corners are bunches of golden flowers, and vine tendrils, whilst over the centre of the whole is a gilt crown adorned with precious stones.

On all sides are windows filled with venetian crystal glass; the pillars which support the roof are adorned with costly carved work, the panels inside below the windows bear painted representations of princely virtues.

It is usually supposed that these paintings were the work of Rubens; such, however, is not the case; they were made in 1763 by the Viennese artist Wagenschon. The carriage swings by four straps, which are adorned with gold ornaments. Very conspicuous are the double imperial eagle, sword, sceptre and crown.

What little wood work there is is covered with red lacquer; all the iron work is gilded. The form of the spokes of the wheels is also noteworthy, they appear to be plaited together, and were the work of a sculptor. The whole of the wheels and the axles are brilliantly lacquered.

The harness of the six horses was of the same style as the carriage, adorned with silk and gold. The only other carriages of this kind anywhere in existence are one at Madrid and one in the Trianon coach-house at Versailles.

Types of Beauty.—The ideas of beauty is wholly relative, and varies with places and times, says the "Popular Science Monthly." "Artists make the beauty to consist in certain proportions of the skeleton and in the harmony of the muscular development. We might, perhaps, be more definite by saying that to be handsome at rest and in motion the man ought to present the traits of health and moderate strength, and in addition to be in possession of his means of locomotion and of natural defence.

"This view of beauty originates in the consideration that there is a necessary relation between vigor, skill, agility and the outer form of the body at rest and in motion. This defined, the type of beauty, in a given race or medium, is an ideal which we seek to revive by physical education.

"It follows that a man specially devoted to any exercise cannot be handsome. This may be said of all the professions that localize muscular work in a restricted region of the body. There are, however, some sports which have the advantage of exercising equally the upper and lower limbs; such, for example, as wrestling, French boxing, swimming, and canoeing with two oars and a sliding seat.

"A good gymnastic includes complete exercises, and incomplete or unsymmetrical exercises, under such a condition as that they shall correct one another, and that the work shall bear upon the lower and upper limbs."

Attractive Persuasion.—"In selling goods," said a successful canvasser, "you must not be content with selling to the people who want them; you must persuade the rest to want them also." Many a crafty salesman feels that the secret of success lies in describing his goods so that they shall seem "all things to all men," and woe be to the innocent and jocose buyer who brings down upon himself the flood of such a man's pertinacity. Says a traveler in Malta—

"Going to the quay, we made our passage by energetic pushing through the lines of vendors of cigars, tobacco, lace, oranges, and sponges. One man, with canaries in cages, stopped us at the water's edge with—

"'Want a canary, sir?'

"'Are they for eating?' I asked him, to get rid of his importunity, and in a spirit of Mark Twain jocosity.

"'No, no! They are for singing.'

"'Ah, if that's what they're for we don't want them.'

"A brilliant thought struck the man, and he bolted after us shouting—

"'Yes, yes! They are for eating. Very good pie! Buy the lot?

"Leaving his cages in charge of an assistant, he made off to tell the canary vendors that here was a man who ate canaries, and might buy all there were in Malta, and a fine time we had with cages until we steamed away."

Close Companionship.—There must be some bond of sympathy, some mutual interest, something in each that awakens a responsive chord in the other, in order that any two persons shall take pleasure in each other's society. And where no pleasure it taken a union brought about by artificial or compulsory means will soon dissolve by common consent. Those who differ radically in their ideas may, if generous, meet and discuss them with delight; but their divergence begins from some point of union; whereas those who have no such point, or who fail to find it if they have, cannot be expected to enter into close companionship.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mrs. Francis Carter, an old colored woman, of Alton, Ill., has been bequeathed $150,000 by Dr. William Wilson, of Pittsburg, Pa. Mrs. Carter was, before the war, the slave nurse of Dr. Wilson, the only child of a wealthy New Orleans family. He was a bachelor, and, dying without immediate relatives, was impelled by the love he bore to his old "mammy" to leave her his entire estate.

A gentleman residing in Missouri, who has a reputation for veracity, says that recently he saw, while strolling in the woods, what appeared to be a snake with two tails, but no head. Closer observation, however, showed that what appeared to be one snake was really parts of two. That they were about the same size and one had partially swallowed the other—had swallowed it too far to disgorge before discovering that it was a physical impossibility to swallow it entirely.

According to a despatch, psychologists are very much excited over the case of a young girl who lives at Hiawatha, Kan. The girl has always been considered exceptionally bright, but about two years ago she began periodically to act and talk entirely different from her usual manner. At those times her pronunciation of English became that of a former century, and her deportment conformed to that time. She says she does not know who she is when she is laboring under the delusion, but thinks she will be able soon to tell who the spirit is that is taking possession of her body without permission.

The Pope's health is reported to be much improved since he has commenced to drink goat's milk—a hint for the weak as well as for the faithful. The animal is chained on a plot of grass in the garden of the Vatican. In addition to this milk his holiness drinks much beef tea. This is the only beverage served to the cardinals who may be working with him. At dinner he has two glasses of claret, the product of a little vineyard attached to the Convent of St. Ann, in the Medoc, whose barrel of wine is annually forwarded to the Vatican. Not that the cellars of the latter are empty, for they are filled with presents of the choicest wines from all parts of the world, and so deeply are the hogsheads and bottles cobwebbed that it would require an archæologist to discover their age.

Some young women in a Western town recently organized an "Anti-Chewing Society." The first article in the constitution being as follows: "The object of this society shall be to discourage the chewing of tobacco by men." Things went on swimmingly for a time, the meetings giving the girls an admirable opportunity to discuss the latest fashions. But one evening, when a storm kept a number of the more enthusiastic members from attending, a few mischievous members present amended the first article of the constitution so that it read: "The object of this society shall be to discourage the chewing of gum by women." At first the absentees were inclined to raise a row, but they finally entered into the spirit of the thing and accepted a compromise, to the effect that the society discourages the chewing of tobacco, gum or toothpicks.

Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a moonlay landscape of great beauty. In the foreground plums and cherry trees and rich plants appear in full bloom, in the rear is seen a hill, gradual in ascent, from which apparently flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked on the frame by a creeping tortoise, which serves the place of a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of each hour, and, as the song ceases, a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto, and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view.

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Our Young Folks.

IN DAWDLE-LAND.

BY SHEILA.

MAISIE, are you not ready yet? My dear child, what a time you take! Lilian has been dressed more than half an hour." "Lilian has short hair," said Maisie placidly. "Mine is always in a tangle; I don't know why, but it is, and it takes a long time to brush."

"I wish that were the only reason, dear," said her mother gravely; "but you see, Maisie, it is always the same story: you are never in time, and you waste so many precious hours that it is really terrible."

"I don't seem as though I can be quick, somehow," said Maisie dreamily.

When at length she went downstairs, breakfast was nearly over.

"Good morning, Miss Lazybones," cried Humphrey, the youngest boy.

"Late again, Maisie," said her father. "You must go to bed an hour earlier every night, and then you will be able to get up better in the morning."

Maisie received this suggestion, which Mr. Montgomery made with unfailing regularity every day, with her usual smile; but she said nothing, and began helping herself to eggs and toast.

"You must excuse me, Maisie," said her mother, rising from the table, and speaking with a little accent of reproach in her voice.

"Certainly," said Maisie politely. "I shan't be very long."

"I never know anything like the time you take to dress, May," observed Lilian. "You got up before did."

Maisie made no reply, she was accustomed to remarks of this nature.

Humphrey went off to his day school; Lilian and Maisie, who were taught by a resident governess, still had holidays.

Lilian, who was of an active disposition, found plenty to occupy herself with; but it was really wonderful how little Maisie contrived to do in the course of the day.

She had a way, peculiarly her own, of spinning out the smallest thing until it sometimes lasted hours; at the end of which there was next to nothing to show for it, and the net result might have been put in a thimble.

In the afternoon she went out with her mother, and kept her waiting a quarter of an hour while she put on her walking things.

"Maisie, you are incorrigible!" sighed Mrs. Montgomery, who was in a hurry. "I cannot imagine how you can be such a dawdle."

"I couldn't find the button-hook," said Maisie, "and there are such a lot of buttons on my boots."

"I expect you were playing with the kitten," replied her mother. "But come quickly now, dear; we are very late."

When they returned, Maisie went to the schoolroom, which, contrary to custom, was unoccupied. Not even Tickletary Brown, the impish black kitten, who helped her to while away many an hour that ought not to have been idle, was there.

Maisie drew the most comfortable chair close to the fire, and proceeded to enjoy herself in her own lazy fashion.

The rain was beating outside, the fire crackling cheerfully, the schoolroom clock ticking away as if it knew no difference between holidays and school-time.

Maisie was startled by hearing her name called out in loud peremptory tones.

"Maisie Montgomery! Maisie Montgomery!"

"That's me!" cried the little girl ungrammatically, and rubbing her eyes.

"Maisie Montgomery is to put on her hat and jacket, and button her boots; two hours allowed!" called out the same voice.

"What do you mean? I've only just come in, and it's raining."

Maisie looked around her in bewilderment. How had she got in this great room, and what was it all about?

There were numbers of boys and girls of all ages engaged in various occupations; and judging from their long and frequent yawns, they were finding the time hang rather heavily upon their hands.

As she looked, the voice called out: "Dorothy Merton to dress her doll, two hours and a half allowed! Mark Hannay to write his Latin exercise, three hours! George Nuttall to learn his English history, two hours!"

This command was followed by three such terrific yawns that Maisie guessed at once which of the children answered to the names of Dorothy Merton, Mark Hannay, and George Nuttall.

Dorothy Merton was a red-haired little girl, with a fat merry face, and as she took up her doll as slowly as she possibly could, Maisie went across to her.

"Have you just come?" asked Dorothy, looking round, as if glad of an excuse to stop dressing her doll.

"I don't remember being here before," said Maisie, "and I think it is the oddest place I was ever in. What are they all doing?"

"Dawdling!" replied Dorothy briefly, putting on one of the doll's under garments, and then slowly taking it off again. She looked at Maisie, and added, with a yawn:

"You're a dawdle too, or you wouldn't be here. Haven't they given you anything to do yet?"

"No," began Maisie, and then she paused. "Somebody did say I was to put on my hat and jacket, and button my boots."

"That's it," answered Dorothy. "And how long were you to take over it?"

"Two hours!"

"Two hours? Then you must have been a pretty bad dawdle," observed the red-haired little girl, putting down her doll; "quite as bad as me, and perhaps worse. Well, you had better begin, I should think."

"But it won't take me two hours to put on my things and button my boots."

"But it has got to, whether you like it or not; you're not allowed to do anything else; it is against the rules"; and Dorothy proceeded to invest her doll with another garment, while Maisie looked disturbed.

Dawdling in moderation was all very well, but to be obliged to dawdle whether you felt inclined for it or not was quite another thing.

"Aren't you a little tired of this place, whatever it is called?" she asked Dorothy.

"Tired!" repeated the red-haired girl, with great feeling: "you wait until you have been here a week."

Maisie walked slowly away; she found her hat, jacket, and boots on a chair, and for two long, long hours she alternately put them on and took them off again.

Very soon she was yawning as loudly and as often as any other member of the dawdle tribe.

At the end of the two hours a voice called out: "Dinner! Two hours and a half allowed!" and Maisie, with a feeling of relief, followed the others into another room, where a long table was laid out.

"Anything for a change!" she thought, but before dinner was over Maisie had come to the conclusion that of all dreary events, a dinner of three courses, which took two hours and a half to eat, was the dreariest.

She wondered what she would have to do next; and just then the order came: "Maisie Montgomery to tidy her chest of drawers; four hours allowed!"

"You must have been a dreadful dawdle," observed Dorothy Merton, walking past her. "Now I have to write a French exercise in an hour and a half. That's not so bad."

Maisie felt very much inclined to cry. Four hours to be spent in putting things tidy: oh, it was positively unheard of! And to do Maisie justice, she spent very little time at home keeping things neat. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," was a maxim that she did not seem to understand.

The chest of drawers which usually stood in Maisie's room had, in a mysterious fashion best known to itself, found its way into this one; and the little girl began, very unwillingly, to take out its contents.

What a muddle there was, to be sure! Gloves, ribbons, linen, stockings, toys, letters, to say nothing of rubbish of all sorts, tumbled together pell-mell; it was a sight to make a tidy person look grave.

Maisie sighed a good many times in the course of the four hours; she did hope, too, that after that she would be left in peace, but the voice was heard calling out—

"Maisie Montgomery to read two pages of French history; an hour and a half allowed!"

"I can't, and I won't," cried Maisie miserably. "It's perfectly ridiculous!"

But the French history appeared from somewhere as if by magic, and she had to do as she was told.

After that it was: "Maisie Montgomery to work a Simple Interest sum; one hour allowed! Maisie Montgomery to sew a buckle on her shoe; three-quarters of an hour allowed! Maisie Montgomery to go to bed; three hours allowed for undressing!"

The poor child began to dread the sound of her own name: Maisie Montgomery had to do so many disagreeable things; or rather, she had to be so long about them, that it made them seem terribly tedious.

She was brushing her curly hair with a very forlorn face when Dorothy Merton passed.

"Good-bye," said Dorothy gaily. "I am allowed to go now; they think I am cured of the 'dawdles,' and I think so too. I have been here two whole weeks."

"Oh!" cried Maisie, clutching Dorothy desperately, "you must take me with you. I can't stay another minute in this dreadful place. Where's the door? Where's the window? I'd rather go up the chimney than stop here!"

"Quick, then, before they catch us!" cried Dorothy, seizing Maisie by the hand, and beginning to run.

"Stop, stop!" resounded from all sides, and "Come back! come back!" but the two continued their flight.

And then it dawned upon Maisie that something very strange was happening to her companion.

Whatever was the matter with Dorothy that she should be turning black: black in truth, as a little sweep?

She looked down at the hand that still held hers; it was not a hand at all, but a little furry paw.

"Tickletary Brown, it's you, you bad little cat!" Maisie almost shrieked; and then she gave a start, and sat up.

The schoolroom fire was burning brightly, the schoolroom clock still ticking monotonously; the schoolroom armchair was a very comfortable one, and Maisie had been to Dawdle-land in her dreams.

The impish black kitten, Tickletary Brown, has jumped into her lap, and was biting her thumb, and blinking at her with his mischievous green eyes.

"Tickletary Brown, of London town," said Maisie solemnly, "I have had a very peculiar dream, and if you ever take to dawdling, sir, which is a very bad habit, I will tell it you."

Tickletary Brown, much impressed, made a sudden spring, and gave Maisie a grateful scratch on her arm.

COULDN'T GUESS THE DIFFERENCE.—"I'd like to have you tell me, if you can," observed the exchange editor, glancing rather slightingly over his shoulder, "what is the difference between a $50 diamond and a custard pie?"

"I don't see anything hard about that," answered the financial editor, with scorn. "One is simon pure and the other is pie, man, sure."

"No," rejoined the other. "That won't do. That's simply horrible."

"Then it's because one is charcoal made over and the other is made over a charcoal ——"

"That's worse yet!"

"Because one is sometimes in soak and—and the other is always soaked when you get down to hardpan."

"That isn't so bad," said the exchange editor, reflectively, "but it doesn't go. You haven't got it yet."

"Well, what is the difference?" demanded the financial editor, wheeling his chair round and glaring at him.

"The difference," said the man of exchanges, in a cold, hard tone of voice, "is $40.00. The pie costs just ten cents."

And they don't speak now.

LATENT POWER.—Every one has latent powers within him which his life-work does not bring into action. Although it may not be possible in this busy world to cultivate many of these, it is within the power of every one to nourish at least one that shall be most consonant with his taste and capacity.

Some interest he should have outside of his daily toil, not to play with as long as it amuses him and then to cast away, but to cultivate assiduously and make the most of his time and circumstances will permit.

Some will find this resource in politics, others in art or literature, science or philanthropy.

Whatever it be, if it is pursued faithfully and regularly, with as much intelligence and system as possible, it cannot fail to broaden the views, to expand the mind, and to add spirit and pleasure to the life. It will react upon the daily work for good also.

A PAIR of new socks feel very comfortable to the feet, but the man who wears them before they are washed makes a mistake. Hosiery should always be washed before being worn, as the washing shrinks the thread and makes the socks wear as long again, besides preventing the feet from being injured by the coloring. When put on before washing they stretch out of shape, and can never be restored to the original form.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The parlor mirror has gone into disuse.

Europe is reported to have 5,000 match factories.

The Library of Congress contains 570,000 volumes.

Fayetteville, N. C., lays claim to a 900-pound hog.

Napa, Cal., lays claim to a six-legged Newfoundland pup.

More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

The common grasshopper is a popular dish among the Digger and Ute Indians.

Two farmers of Putnam county, Ind., have spent $300 in litigation over a $2 hog.

A Missouri paper charges five cents a line for publishing lists of wedding presents.

An 11-year-old boy at Watertown, N. Y., committed suicide recently to escape a whipping.

The production of distilled spirits of all kinds in this country last year was 117,161,114 gallons.

Mrs. Strong, of Starke, Fla., claims to own a persimmon that weighs a pound and a quarter.

Coins are classed, according to their state of preservation, as proof, uncirculated, fine, good, fair and poor.

There are 950,000 persons imprisoned in 875 jails in Russia. The prisons were built to hold only 570,000 persons.

Sheet iron kites, to enable a vessel when in distress to communicate with the shore, have been suggested.

A hog and a mule had a lively fight at Albany, Ga., the other day, in which the former came out victorious.

Within the last 30 years there have been on the British coasts 60,377 wrecks, with the fearful loss of 22,312 lives.

In 1889-90 it is estimated that 12,688,973 pupils were enrolled in the elementary and secondary public schools of the nation.

The long talked of hot water fountains have been at last placed in the different wards of Paris, and are meeting with deserved success.

There was recently born to a Carrabelle, Fla., couple a baby that had at the time of its birth, it is claimed, a well developed tooth.

A Reading, England, family can prove by local records that they and their ancestors have paid rent for their house no less than 400 years.

Charlotte, N. C., boasts of a double-faced potato. One side is claimed to be a perfect representation of a bear, and the other, it is said, is a fair mould of a calf.

The man who earns his bread in Paris as a public executioner is just as unfortunate as a citizen of this country who has children. The landlords will not rent him a house to live in.

Among the exhibits at the World's Fair will be two swords from Spain, one of which belonged to Queen Isabella, Columbus' patron, and the other to Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico.

Cape Colony is the natural habitat of the largest known species of earthworm. It is a soft, sexless thing, between six and seven feet long, and much resembles our common angle worm.

The latest Georgia fish story is to the effect that, while a calf was drinking from a creek, it swallowed a cat fish. The fish flounced around in the calf until the latter had to be killed to put it out of misery.

School teachers at Topeka, Kan., are not allowed to keep pupils more than 30 minutes after school, but they evade the rule by detaining them half an hour each for two days as punishment for one offense.

A funeral on bicycles lately took place in an English town. The deceased was captain of a bicycle club, and just before his death requested that his body should be conveyed to the cemetery on bicycles.

Scientists have discovered, it is said, that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Too much food, too much physical exercise and too much education are among the worst foes of the memory.

Dr. Shelly Oliver, of Burke county, Ga., has a mule that is believed to have been left there at the time of Sherman's raid through Georgia, as the lower portion of Burke county was directly on his line of march to the sea.

Of the 110,000 species of flowering plants upon this globe, the total number of those utilized by man to any considerable extent, either for food or in the arts, does not quite reach one per cent. When the flowerless plants are taken into consideration the [illegible]

What is undoubtedly the strongest natural gas well ever found in the Indiana belt is a roaring monster north of Muncie. It is impossible to force a sledge hammer, crowbar or anything in the hole, and the gas roars until a man's voice cannot be heard within several hundred yards of the well.

THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE.

BY L. M. C.

The light of the house, and its music,
The joy of its morrow and noon,
The fragrance and balm of its even,
The dear and unspeakable boon!

I long for sweet lips on my forehead—
Alas! 'tis the fever instead;
I call the pet name that I gave her,
And know I am calling the dead.

The light of the house, and its music—
Oh, God! when the birds first awake
In the gray and chill of the morning,
I wonder my heart does not break—

Remembering all I have suffered,
Remembering all I have known,
And crying the angels to witness
I loved her, my lost one, my own!

MISTAKES ABOUT WORDS.

Our list of mistakes in words is taken from that large class which, whether by accident or error, have become so like other already familiar words as to be unconsciously associated with them in derivation and meaning.

Nine persons out of ten would probably give the derivation of "blindfold" as coming directly from "blind" and "fold," from the practice of "folding" a cloth round the eyes, as in the game of Blindman's Buff. The word has, however, nothing to do with "fold," but means "felled," or struck blind, and might be written "blind-felled."

In the same way the word "buttery" is easily confused with the common term "butter," with which, however, it has no connection, save in the minds of those who do not know it to be a contraction for "bottlery," a place where "bottles" are kept, and over which the "bottler" or "butler" presides.

To speak of a person acting in a "gingerly" fashion would certainly convey a clear enough idea, and we easily connect the word in some vague manner with the word "ginger," perhaps from the association in our minds of the sparing use made of that condiment.

The word, however, is innocent of any such roundabout derivation, and comes directly from the old word "gang," to go—still preserved in the Scotch phrase, "gang that gate"—and thus originally means with cautious, faltering, or "gingerly" steps.

Again, in using the word "blunderbuss" we unconsciously imply a sense of disparagement for the shooting powers of our forefathers contrasted with the precision of the modern rifle. The word itself has, however, a terrible enough meaning, and disdains all connection with "blunder."

"Blunderbuss," in fact, as we have it, is a strange corruption—perhaps not altogether untingled with the sense and sound of "blunder"—of the old Dutch word "donderbus," which can be literally translated into the English "thunder-box" or "thunder-barrel."

Two such simple words as "greyhound" and "humble-bee" seem the last to cause difficulty as to their meaning in ordinary use; yet few people would guess that the first part of the former is unconnected with our name for a common color, and is in reality an Icelandic word signifying a "dog," the whole word thus becoming "dog-hound."

In the case of "humble-bee," guesses would probably preponderate in favor of deriving the word from "humble," meaning "lowly," as opposed to the correct derivation from the "humming" sound which is the distinguishing point about this insect.

Perhaps, however, the popular derivation may be partly attributable to the well-known fable where a contrast is drawn between the plodding and contrasted bee and her gay and thriftless cousin the wasp.

This word "humble," curiously enough, gives rise to another popular fallacy. In the phrase "to eat humble-pie" there seems little ingenuity required to connect the word "humble" with the ordinary use of the word. But with this in reality it has nothing to do, the "humble-pie" being, properly speaking the dish made from the numbles or inferior parts of a deer's carcase, which would naturally be the portion of menials or "humble" folk.

The help of an historical dictionary of the language would surely be necessary to bring us to believe that the easy-looking word "shame-faced" is unconnected with face. The term is, however, a corruption of "shamefast," an old word meaning fast, firm, or steadfast in shame or modesty; and the last syllable, "fast," being pronounced so like "faced" or "face," the part of the body most expressive of the feeling of shame, the transformation of the word into its modern form becomes easy of explanation.

Quite as legitimate as this transition seems that between paying off a man and "cashiering" him; yet the verb "to cashier" has nothing to do either with "cash," meaning money, or with "cashier," a person who looks after it.

The verb comes from an old French word meaning to breaking off or discharge, and thus is unconnected with "cash," which, though now used in the sense of money, was originally applied to the box in which it was kept.

Two words, purblind and parboil, are interesting as showing how a false derivation or association of sound can change the meaning of a word. 'Purblind' originally meant purely blind; but probably, through the confusion with the verb 'to pore,' it has now the meaning of partly blind.

In the same way, to 'parboil' at first signified to boil purely or thoroughly; but through confusion with the word 'part,' the meaning has been modified to that of boiling 'partly.'

Perhaps few would venture to seek a connection between 'oakum' and 'oak;' but fewer still would be happy enough to give the correct derivation, and connect it with 'comb,' the tool with which the substance is teased out.

Once more: many people nowadays connect the expression 'train-oil' in some way with locomotives and railroads. There was no danger of this mistake sixty years ago, when trains were little known, and train-oil (compare tear, something squeezed out), or the suppressed fat of whales, was a common article of domestic use.

Grains of Gold.

Our deeds travel from afar.

Forbear resenting injuries.

Life is made of compensations.

Neatness is one of the virtues.

Discontent is the peg in your shoe that hurts.

There are no eyes so sharp as the eyes of hatred.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

One trouble with the world is that so many people have more reputation than character.

If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

Some are endowed with good temper in a much greater degree than others. The gift can, however, be increased by the effort to cultivate it.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but there is nothing on earth will kill it.

New doctrines never please the old. They like to fancy that the world has been losing wisdom, instead of gaining it, since they were young.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above injury.

One chief reward of helping others is the effect it has upon own character, and not the expectation of any repayment as for a loan or an investment on interest.

Whatever upholds a man's self-respect inclines him to self-improvement, and to appreciate fully his good points goes a long way in helping him to cure his faults.

Femininities.

Women of rank go bareheaded in Mexico.

The aspen is called in Wales "the leaf of the maiden's tongue."

Winter brings fur trimmings for all kinds of feminine garments.

A man in earnest find means; or, if he cannot find, creates them.

Boise City, Idaho, has a female giant who stands 6 feet 5 inches in height.

"The insolent cooking utensil" is a phrase for the sauce-pan, credited to Boston housekeepers.

Three of the four Dutch universities are open to women, namely: Leyden, Utrecht and Amsterdam.

The New York Real Estate Exchange has two women among its members—Mrs. Mulligan and Mrs. Dora Blakely.

Mrs. Langtry will send to the Chicago Exposition a doll three feet high, specially modeled to resemble her in face and figure.

A Paris laundryman uses plenty of water and boiled potatoes, instead of soaps, sodas and boiling powders, in cleaning clothes.

Half-a-dozen New York ladies are said to earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art.

The love of blue china was on the wane, but has revived, since it is known that the Princess of Wales has shown a great desire to collect.

Never let the sun's rays strike a mirror. It acts upon the mercury and makes the glass cloudy, which all the rubbing in the world will not remove.

Among the students of the University of Michigan, it is said, are Messrs. Turnipseed, Toothacher, Greensteak and Champagne, and Miss Annie Rooney.

The women of the Bethany, Mo., Methodist Episcopal Church give "hard-time socials," whereat mush and milk, gingerbread, etc., are served, all for 10 cents.

Chicago has imported for exhibition a young woman named Anna Bataillard, who is only 16 years old, and still growing, though she has already reached the height of 7 feet 10 inches.

A traveler has discovered that brunettes are not the rule in Spain. Many Spanish women are blondes, with blue eyes, especially in Cadiz, while even the Basque women often have auburn hair.

"How do you like your new maid, Mrs. Jingle?" "Oh, she would be all right if she were not so over-refined." "In what way?" "She never breaks anything but the most costly Dresden China."

Briggs: "Just for a joke, I told Miss Elderly the other day that when she laughed it was all I could do not to kiss her." Griggs: "What happened?" "Briggs: "The next time I saw her she had hysterics."

Blobkins: "Speaking of the dearth of men at the seaside during the past summer, a man-eating shark was found dead on the beach near a certain fashionable New England resort." Mrs. B.: "What did he die of?" Blobkins: "Starvation."

Miss Antique, taking seat politely proffered in crowded street car: "Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?" Polite boy: "No'm, not all ladies; only old ladies."

Christine Nilsson is a clever woman of business. Mme. Modjeska plays Chopin and speaks half a dozen languages. Patti is very proud of her needlework, especially of her darning. Albani cultivates the domestic arts and writes very entertaining letters to her friends.

Josiah, in front of a second-hand store: "Mandy, how do you reckon they kin ever sell sich broke-up chairs as them?" Mandy: "Law, Josiah, I suppose them's the invalid chairs we've heard about, and they hain't no trouble gettin' rid of 'em to folks that's able to take care of them."

Many houses are not infrequently infested with beetles and crickets during certain seasons of the year. A simple but effective method of getting rid of them is to sprinkle a small quantity of ordinary snuff in the fireplace at night, and well fill up the chinks of the floor, or anywhere else they may infest, with the same article.

An English magazine asks the following question: "Would you rather marry a man whom you entirely love but whose love for you you are not sure of, or a man who entirely loves you but whose love you do not thoroughly reciprocate." And the editor of another paper answers it by propounding another: "Would you rather lie or steal?"

Fuller, in his description of a good wife, says: "She commandeth her husband in equal matters by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her husband wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."

Masculinities.

Never act in the heat of emotion; let reason answer first.

It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

There is said to be a colored prisoner working in the Alabama mines who can speak 12 languages.

Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what he has said that you may understand.

A South Bend, Ind., patrolman, while asleep on his post, was relieved of his club and watch by a thief.

About 40,000 people in England pay a guinea a year for the privilege of displaying their crests on their stationery and plate.

John Aller, of Pittsburg, was bitten in 1877 by a dog, and, it is said, he is seized with a spasm on the yearly anniversary of the biting.

Here is a rule to ascertain your "expectation of life." Deduct the present age from eighty, and take two thirds of the remainder.

A German doctor claims that most drunkards can be cured by eating apples regularly at every meal. The acid gas in the apples does it.

Two Abilene, Kan., men made a bet on the election. A creditor of both heard of it and garnisheed the money in the hands of the stakeholder.

A young Indiana woman was recently rescued from drowning by a young man, and he has been rewarded by being presented with four quarts of butternuts.

"What is it the German philosopher says, 'A handsome woman is always right'?" "That was the way he said it. I suppose he meant that pretty girls are never left."

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs: Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?

"What, sir, you call me pretty? Why, I am an old woman; my hair is turning white, and, look, here is a wrinkle!" "A wrinkle! No, madam, it is a smile that has drifted from its moorings!"

"What is the sense of getting up such a complicated toy as that for a child? A youngster really prefers something more simple." "Children don't buy toys, you chump. The parents buy them."

A man at Peak's Island, Me., dropped a nickel into the slot of a phonograph, but the machine failed to give out the promised music. Thereupon the man became enraged and smashed the phonograph into bits to recover his money.

Miss Julia Pullman, daughter of the sleeping-car magnate, has a very pleasant occupation. She selects names for the sleeping and drawing-room cars, and for this duty her generous father allows her one thousand dollars a year.

General Lee is said to have asked a straggler, whom he found eating green persimmons, if he did not know they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, General," replied the man. "I'm eating them to draw up my stomach to fit my rations."

A German authority says that almost a third of all humanity—that is, 400,000,000—speak the Chinese language. The Hindoo language is spoken by over 100,000,000; the Russian by more than 80,000,000; the German by 37,000,000, and the Spanish by 48,000,000. Of the European languages the French is fifth in place.

In a farce recently produced in Paris the modern method of dueling is satirized. Eight men take part in the play. Two of them are going to fight a duel, and each is to have three shots. The shots are fired, and everybody is killed except the two principals, who shake hands and drive away with satisfied honor.

Some statements in the Medical Record regarding the Chinese on the Pacific coast are surprising to Americans who have observed our Mongolian guests only at a distance. The writer, whose practice as a physician among these people has been extensive, says that their flesh, under the scalpel, is more dense and elastic—less flabby—than that of Caucasians, and that their wounds heal with marvelous rapidity. He attributes this superiority of physical condition to their diet and (mirabile dictu!) their habits of bodily cleanliness.

"Have you got any buff trimming to go with this stuff?" asked a sharp-looking woman of a young man in a drapery. "I think so, miss," he answered, taking down a piece of goods and spreading it on the counter.

"Buff! Do you call that buff?" exclaimed the woman. "Guess you don't know your business, young man! That's too dark for a buff."

"But, miss, that is——"

"It's too dark! I can see it, stupid!"

"Why, of course it's dark, my dear young lady!" persisted the man. "It's blind-man's buff; the new shade, you see."

He sold the goods.

In After Years.

BY O. C.

"A DREAMING visionary, who will make your life miserable," Mr. Dalston said earnestly, not angrily, when his daughter pleaded for a lover her father had sent away. "See, child!" he added, putting his arm around her slender figure, and drawing her close to him, "you and I must not quarrel about this. But George Clayton is full of impracticable schemes that will never develop into usefulness. His inventions are worthless, his studies have no definite result. He will sink into a mere dreamer, Olive, and you will be in that utterly false position, a woman supporting her husband."

"But," the girl faltered, lifting her shy blue eyes to the grave, loving face above her own, "we love each other."

"And it is upon that love I build my hopes of rousing George to a more active, practical life. I have told him that when he can come to me with any position that gives him a fair, honestly-earned income, I will withdraw my opposition."

Olive's face brightened. Her lover was not then finally dismissed. For her sake he surely would exert himself, and accept her father's reasonable condition. He did, and so they parted, true lovers, child-like in their hope and faith: George Clayton to carry his schemes into the world, to win a fortune in one success, Olive to wait.

Weeks slipped by, months melted away, and then years dragged heavily along, and no news of George Clayton came back to his friends.

Mr. Dalston died, leaving his daughter ten years older than she had been when George left her, and the heiress of large wealth. The blow fell without warning, desolating her! Strong in health, she had no refuge in weakness to excuse total retirement, no physical pain to cause her to forget mental misery. Day after day she rose, vigorous and active, to a dreary blank of idleness. Her very beauty was changed, not lost, but clouded by her expression of discontent and peevishness never absent from her face.

"Forty years old to-day," she thought, sitting before a mirror and studying her own face. "It was on my birthday George went away. Twenty years ago. What became of him? Father was sorry at the last that he did not help him and keep him here. He knew how lonely I should be. What is life worth? Nothing!"

She rose impatiently, for there was a noise in the lower part of the house, and she objected to noise. This was more than a domestic jar: it was a commotion. Heavy feet were trampling across the hall, a very Babel of voices was rising up, and doors slammed, people shouted, until her quiet residence was as noisy as a town hall at a mass meeting.

She rang the bell sharply—twice before it was answered.

Then her maid appeared, flushed, breathless, excited.

"What is all this noise?" Miss Dalston asked sharply. "Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, no, miss; but there's been an accident. Oh!" and the girl gasped, "a man run over, and they've brought him here."

"Who gave permission for such liberties in my house?" Miss Dalston cried angrily.

"It was the nearest, miss."

"Are there no hospitals?" was the sharp rejoinder. "I will go down at once and have him removed."

Going down was easily accomplished; but, to her indignant amazement, Miss Dalston found a policeman barring the door of the library, and another one clearing the hall.

"I am Miss Dalston," she said to the man who refused her admittance to her own library. "This is my house."

"Sorry, mum. We've sent for a cab, and mattresses, mum; but the doctors is in there now, mum, and my orders was to let nobody in, mum."

As he spoke the door opened.

"See if you can get some warm water and towels," a voice said.

"I'll get them," Miss Dalston said, hurrying away, her anger melted in an odd, new sensation of pity and interest.

The door was opened for her on her return, bearing a basin and pitcher and an armful of towels. She went in softly, and crossed the room to where a man lay extended senseless upon the wide lounge, where her father had always rested after his business labors. A man dressed in coarse shabby clothing, with rough gray hair and beard, and upon whose pallid face was a long ghastly cut. His shirt was open, and a grave elderly man, whom Olive recognized as his father's physician, was bending over him.

"Ah!" he said looking up. "Can you wash the blood from his face, Miss Dalston? Here is where the wheel went over him," he added turning to another gentleman standing beside him. "Ribs crushed on that side."

And then Olive ceased to follow the words that described the inquiry. She had washed away the blood and made a discovery that drove every vestige of color from her face, and seemed for a moment to choke her. The doctor was not surprised at the pallor of the face she presently turned to him, for it was a sickening sight and task for unaccustomed eyes and hands.

"Is he much hurt?" she whispered.

"Yes, probably fatally. Dangerously, at the best, and moving him is a great risk."

"If I get a room ready upstairs, can he be carried up?"

"Yes—and the sooner the better."

The neighborhood had food for gossip then. The man was in the best spare room; the man had a nurse from the hospital to attend to him; the man had every delicacy that could be prepared; Miss Dalston herself was in the room all day, waiting upon the invalid while the nurse rested after night watching; Miss Dalston herself took the doctor's orders, and saw that they were faithfully carried out.

But neither servants nor gossips heard what passed one day when the doctor had said the invalid needed "only care now; he can do without me." The nurse had gone home for an hour or two, and the invalid was alone, until the door opened softly, and a woman came in—a woman who seemed to have dropped ten years from her age in the last two months. She crossed the room quickly, and her lips touched the invalid's pale cheek, softly, tenderly.

"You loook so well to-day, George," she said, a tender joy in every word.

"Yes, I shall soon be well," he answered, regretfully, "and must leave you."

"You shall never leave me," was the quick reply. "I have found you, and you are mine."

"But, Olive, I have failed in everything. How can I live on your bounty?"

"That we will soon find out," she answered, cheerily; "but I shall never let you go, George."

And she kept her word.

A PEEP AT HER MAJESTY.—Queen Victoria is known to us not only as a monarch whose reign has been unusually long, successful, and brilliant, but also as the head of a model English home, and a woman full of kindness, sympathy, and simplicity. An American lady visiting in London gives the following description of a glimpse of her Majesty:—

"The Queen looked much as her portraits had made her familiar to me, but neither photograph nor painting had succeeded in conveying the agreeable and satisfactory impression which I received.

"She came up the pathway to the church with simple, modest dignity, not noticeable for any manner.

"The royal family occupied a cross pew, a spacious compartment, sunk in the side of the chancel recess.

"Their manner during service was like that which we have so much reason to admire in all English people at church: their attention was given to the Prayer-Book, and, in devout conformity with its requisitions, they sat, stood, or knelt.

"I had an opportunity now of looking at the Queen more attentively, and I was so placed that I could do so without impertinence. There was an evident honesty and directness of character, in which feminine subtility had not even its usual proportion. No one, upon seeing her, unknown, in a group of women, would have failed to notice her before any other.

"An expression of settled melancholy was upon her features. She had the look of one whose life was saddened by a grief so overwhelming that it had become irrepressible. We do not need to revive the early romance of her life to understand why."

FITTING.—An incorrigible office-seeker died a few years ago and his friends asked a well-known journalist an epitaph for his tombstone.

The journalist for selected the following, which was not, however, adopted:—

Here lies John Jones
In the Only Place for Which He
Never Applied.

Croup is prevented by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother's friend.

In Exchange for Axes.

BY F. L. D.

SUCH opportunities for matrimony as were offered me in New Guinea a few years ago I never expect to enjoy again. My journey through the island of Papuans was made for the purpose of collecting specimens of all sorts, such as a naturalist seeks to gather, but the people themselves are the most interesting savages I have ever met. I employed a young black fellow named Raboor to help me in my work. His hair was a rough bush, and it stood up on his head in a mass as big as a half-bushel measure. I found out that he was in love, but he admitted with a sigh that he was too poor to marry the girl of his choice.

"You are young and strong," said I. "Why do you not go to work and earn enough to support yourself and your sweetheart?"

"You do not understand," he replied. "I have a good garden that would supply what food we wanted; besides, I can throw the spear further and truer to the mark than any other man in this district, so that I can get plenty of kangaroos and pigs. But they will not buy the girl. Her mother wants an axe for her, and that I cannot grow in my garden or hunt in the forest with my spear."

The poor fellow groaned, made several despairing remarks on his prospective mother-in-law, and finally said that if he did not love the young woman so dearly he would go away and never come back again.

"But, my boy, you need not despair," said I. "If the possession of an axe will secure your happiness I will give you one. I want my paradise bird, for in my country people think more of them than the axes. If you will help me to get as many birds with the long plumes as you have finger on both hands you shall have an axe on the day we get the last one."

He accepted the proposition delightedly. At length, with his assistance, the ten good birds were procured and the axe earned. I was present when Raboor bought his wife with it. They were married the following evening, the ceremony being concluded with a wild dance and singing by a chorus of girls.

As we were preparing our dinner one afternoon we heard a titter. Looking round we beheld Lohler (one of our recent guides) in the midst of a group of fifteen or twenty girls, many of them of superior beauty, who were laughing and peering at us over each other's shoulders. They all wore flowers in their hair and bands of green leaves adorned their arms and ankles. Each maiden had on her best striped petticoat, and some were necklaces of dogs' teeth.

At length Lohler, stepping forward, said he had been a long way, had visited the biggest towns of his country, and had brought with him the most beautiful women of his nation. He hoped we would each select one that would please us, marry her, and settle down in New Guinea. The parents of some of the girls had come also, and were standing in the background. Our friend explained to us that the prices were high, as they were the finest girls in the land. He arranged them all in a giggling line that they might be seen to the best advantage. Beginning with the first, he told their names and gave their different accomplishments.

I noticed a beautiful girl whom I had met while out shooting among the number of the maidens, and I was anxious to hear what Lohler would say of her. She still wore the string of beads I had given her, and looked as pretty and modest as a violet. When he came to her he said—

"This is Lucena. Is she not lovely? Her arms are round as bamboo; her form is supple as the climbing vine; her skin is smooth as a young banana leaf; her hair is soft as spiders' webs; her eyes are bright as dew in the morning. She can sing like a bird and run as fast as a kangaroo; she is a good housekeeper, an affectionate daughter, and comes from a good family, for her father is a great warrior."

The value set upon the beauty was an axe, a knife, a piece of calico, and a string of beads. We stood admiring her, and Lohler thought he had made a bargain. We realized that the affair might turn out seriously perhaps, but we turned the matter off by declaring that we were unable to make a choice among so many lovely creatures and by proceeding to distribute presents literally. To most of the girls we gave gay-colored handkerchiefs with a brass ring and a brass button in each.

To Lucena we offered a looking glass, and the young women danced for our amusement while we ate our dinner, and sang a song, which they composed as they went along, describing the whole scene and complimenting us upon our generosity. Towards evening they bade us "good-bye" and started for their homes.

GETTING THE BETTER OF HIM.—In the management of the indolent school-boy who never wakes up to the value of his opportunity various happy thoughts are projected by the skilful teacher. One such lately come to light is brilliant from its novelty.

In a certain popular and ably managed institution of learning an able teacher of elocution labored long and patiently and erstwhile in vain with the son of a very wealthy man. The boy felt that his father had so much money it would do all of life's work for him and he need not exert himself more than he liked even for his own benefit. He obstinately ignored the exercise of declamation, and came to the class week after week with no preparation for his work.

"I will make that boy speak something," finally resolved the teacher.

When his name was next called and he answered, as usual, "unprepared," the instructor was ready.

"Step forward, Master B—, to the platform."

He did so.

"Make your bow to the school."

It was done.

"We will now listen," continued the teacher with dignity, "listen to the recitation of the multiplication table said backward with appropriate gestures."

There was no dodging the command, and the poor victim stood before his audience gesticulating and appealing by emphatic modulation to the sympathies of his roaring school fellows all the way from twelve times twelve to two times one. Ever since he has had a recitation ready.

MIXED THE PACKAGES.—Here's a true story. A Mr. M— is engaged to be married, and he loves to send flowers to the lady of his choice.

A few Saturday nights ago as Mr. M— was returning home he made two purchases: the one was the loveliest basket of flowers; the other a big fresh fish. The flowers he intended for his sweetheart; the fish for his Sunday morning breakfast. He employed a man to deliver the two articles, sending an affectionate note to the fair one.

What made the man forget the instructions given him by Mr. M—, and what manner of reasoning he employed to arrive at the conclusion that the fish was intended for the young lady is another story.

But certain it is that in due time the lovely basket of flowers was left at the home of Mr. M— and the sea-smelling fish was deposited in the hands of the astonished young lady. She read the note accompanying it.

"Wear it in church, he says!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with him? Wear this fish in church! Never!" and she caught at the mantel to keep from fainting.

But she had a good fish for breakfast, and Mr. M— was not a little perplexed over a basket of the sweetest roses which reached him.

THREE STRANDS OF STRONG CHARACTER.—Blessed is the man who unites in himself the triple forcefulness of courage, obedience and faith. Woven together, they form a cable that will hold him fast to the anchorage of usefulness and success. Such a man can go serenely with the few that maintain the right against the current which sweeps away the many who are afraid of being considered odd or unfashionable. Obedience preserves courage from degenerating in rash toolhardiness, and faith tempers it with persevering endurance, whilst it relieves obedience from the sullen and passive submission to what is endured alone because it cannot be otherwise. One may look for heroism where these three qualities blend.

You should keep Salvation Oil on hand; it will cure all aches and pains. Price 25 cts.

FREE PORTRAITS and FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Portrait, with frame complete, absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photo, and send it to BROOKLYN ART UNION, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Refer you to any banks in this city.

Recent Book Issues.

A present that would be a thing of beauty as well as a joy to any lover of poetry is the holiday edition of "Mrs. Browning's Poems," just issued by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. It is printed on elegant embossed paper, and the binding is in purple and gold. Altogether it would be an ornament to any centre table in the land.

For a book holiday gift for a little boy or girl just beginning to read, nothing could be nicer than Maud Humphrey's "Book of Fairy Tales." All the old favorites are here given in a simple form, and illustrated by grand fac-simile water color paintings by this able artist. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The December issue of "Cassell's Family Magazine," like all its predecessors is full of reading, interesting and valuable to every member of the household. Cassell & Co., New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for December is one of the best numbers of this grand monthly, just issued. In matter and pictures it could hardly be surpassed. Published at New York.

"St. Nicholas" for December is the Christmas number and, as may be imagined, is from cover to cover a perfect treasury in the way of stories, pictures, etc., for younger readers. Published by the Century Co., New York.

The complete novel in the December "Lippincott" is "Pearce Amerson's Will," by Richard Malcolm Johnson. The miscellaneous contents are of the usual original and highly interesting character. Published at Philadelphia.

The December "Wide Awake" is the Christmas number, and it is by all odds the very handsomest number yet gotten out. From the illuminated and colored backs right through in every way it is a gem of interest and beauty. Published at New York.

"The Century Magazine" for December, representing the holiday number is out and, grand as have been its predecessors, this number more truly than any shows to what a wonderful degree of perfection the American magazine has been brought. Published at New York.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—We all know and feel her influence in forming character and directing it to useful purposes and ends. In charging women with being the weaker vessel we generally find them stronger in faith and resolution than men. The true woman speaks to every true man with whom she communicates and has any friendly relations, refining and exalting her intellect and feelings, making him indeed know his true manhood to consist in the noble action of his soul, to purify his habits, his actions, and the love of truth is what makes him best in the practice of it. Influences breathe from her, and improve every thing and creature around her, and we are conscious of it by results. It must be granted that pleasure and labor become sweeter and more enjoyable when shared by those we like and in whom we fix our hopes and happiness and contentment. Women should cultivate their mental endowment, but not indulge too much in what contributes to pride and vanity. Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen than it inspires an impulse to practise, and influences the mind and character not by a mere imitation we look at, but by the statement of the fact, creates a moral purpose which we form. It is our duty to pursue and make after the choicest of every thing, that we may not only employ our contemplation but may also be improved by it. L. G. W.

WHILE Max O'Rell was on a lecturing tour in America he was one day approached by a young man who thanked him earnestly for his lecture the proceeding night, saying:

"I never enjoyed myself more in my life." The pleased lecturer grasped his admirer's hand.

"I am glad," he said, "that my humble effort pleased you much."

"Yes," said the young man, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see I am engaged to a girl in town, and her family all went to your show, and I had her at home all to myself. O, it was a happy evening—thank you so much, Mr. Rell. Do you lecture again soon?"

It is best to swallow a compliment as you do a sugar-coated pill—without inquiring into its inwardness.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to **Tanqueray Portrait Society,** 241 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.

HOW MEN FALL WHEN SHOT.—The manner in which men fall depends also upon the nature of the action in which they are engaged. Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically, and goes down like a log toppled over from the end.

Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall.

As a rule a man who is hit above the hips goes down. The slighter the wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or comes into collision with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance, and men sink at once or reel and tumble with very little self-control.

MISS HOMANS, the head of the Normal School of Gymnastics in Boston, gives in a recent interview these statistics concerning the influence of athletics upon dress. "Two years ago," she says, "out of a class of thirty-seven, there were but two of the young women at the end of the school year who continued to wear corsets, and no one continued to wear French heels. Last year, out of a class of seventy-one, seven-eighths gave up wearing corsets."

LONG PASTORATES.—The record of the First Church at Westfield, Mass., is, according to an exchange, unparalleled. Its first pastor died in 1729, after a pastorate of nearly 57 years. Then followed pastorates of 14 years, 35 years, 20 years, 44 years and 30 years. None of the pastors thus serving the church during its first 200 years were dismissed; all died in service.

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, **Premier Artists IN HAIR.**

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '89. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without **EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY.** A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as **SOUND TO DO** for them **ALL WE SAY.**

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Two Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 60 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

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FREE

A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these watches, richly plated gold finished case, by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, $3.95, and it is yours. Named with the watch we guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you will or cause the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. We make this offer to introduce them into every home in the next thirty days only.

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WANTED—Salesmen who can easily make $25 to $75 per week, selling the Celebrated Pinless Clothes Line or the Famous Fountain Ink Eraser; patents recently issued. Sold only by salesmen to whom we give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY. The Pinless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new, will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 50c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for $1, with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., 221 Berlin Street, Worcester, Mass.

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Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) **FREE** to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to cure small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, **L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.**

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a **PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT** in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from **$200 TO $350** per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 518 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

LOVE'S DRAWBACKS.

'Twas even; I stood 'neath her casement
And tinkled my dulcet guitar.
I sang her a song to inform her
She was my particular star;
And when for an hour I'd told her
I'd love her where'er I might roam,
Her father came out to tell me
She was not that evening at home.
—U. N. Nose.

A Bank Failure.

A fruit-jar—The one you get when you slip upon a banana skin.

Blobbs: "There goes Boggles; he walks as if he were drunk." Wigwag: "Perhaps his shoes are tight."

A knock-down argument: "I shall never be found out, and I need the money more than the boss does."

It is hard for a man with a bad liver to believe that anybody in his neighborhood has the right kind of religion.

Tramp, to lady of the house: "Where is the boss?" Lady of the house, calling to her husband: "John, tell the servant girl she's wanted."

She: "Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean." He: "So do I, Elizabeth; please keep quiet."

Little boy: "Wot's the difference between high church and low church?" Little girl: "Why, don't you know? One says 'Awmen' and the other says 'Amen.'"

Dr. Pulsor: "Yes, sir; I have literally snatched men from the grave."

Stokes: "Is that so? When?"

Dr. Pulsor: "When I was a medical student."

Mrs. De Goode: "Why are you throwing stones at that little boy? Answer me that, sir!" Little boy, very good at excuses: "'Cause his folks don't belong to our church."

Miss Greenleaf: "I've just been reading a book called 'How Men Propose.' What is your opinion on that subject?" Miss Brownleaf: "Simply that they don't do any such thing."

"Do you enjoy football?" he asked of the man who sat next to him at the game.

"Some."

"Are you a player?"

"No; I'm a surgeon."

Francis, four years old: "Mamma!"

Mamma: "What is it dear?"

"You never saw me before I was born, did you?"

"No, love."

"Then how did you know it was me?"

Dashaway: "I left my silk-hat handkerchief here last night, Miss Summit, and I thought I would call and get it."

Miss Summit: "Yes, Mr. Dashaway, I was afraid you might call, so I just sent it to you by messenger boy."

Burley: "I've just borrowed $75 of Hawkins."

Gaggers: "What did you want all that money for?"

Burley: "I didn't. I wanted only $1.50; but I borrowed the rest so as to make an impression."

He, after a lengthy call: "Well, good evening."

She: "Good evening. By the way, didn't you propose to me."

He, startled: "Why—yes, of course."

She, pleadingly: "Well, do tell me, like a good fellow, whether I accepted you or rejected you."

Mrs. A.: "You say brandy is a good remedy for the colic, but I don't agree with you."

Mrs. B.: "What do you know about it?"

Mrs. A.: "A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day."

"I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home!" said a distressed-looking little woman.

"Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?"

"I have. I've taken up the parlor carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor and put a beer keg in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The family that can boast a grandmother is happier than those whose only antiquities consist in furniture and bric-a-brac, and the grandmother is cherished as a choice possession and decorated and made to appear as aristocratic as possible. It is not my province to inquire why this is so, but as it is for the general benefit of all grandmothers I simply state the fact and now shall try to tell about some of the things these dear old ladies wear. They ought to have the nicest and prettiest as a recompense for the destiny that has robbed them of their youthful bloom and the tears and cares that have brought wrinkles and whitened the hairs. They should be decked with diamonds and wrapped in velvets, and have no more of this world's work to do than to be the sweet and tender consolers of their grandchildren's woes.

Lace belongs to them, whether it is piled up over the dear old head or gathered at neck and sleeves. Crepe lisse is theirs by right of its delicate softening effect. Rich dark silks, brocades and velvets were never so well employed as in gowns for those dear old ladies. Soft wools in drab, prune gray and black seem made on purpose for them, and in them they make charming pictures.

The driving dresses are usually warm and thick rather than ornate, and the wrap should be of a rich and elegant kind and one of those that does not go out of fashion soon, as grandmothers do not like to change the fashion of their clothes with every new moon. The bonnets are made to suit. There are those that come down over the ears, and there are felt hats for those like them, trimmed heavily with feathers and moire ribbon, and wide bows under the chin, for few ladies who have passed their fifties can go without the bow under the chin, which hides that fatal double fold of flesh and preserves the old

FOR THE GRANDMOTHERS.

outline of younger days. There are close capotes and bonnets of various kinds but little different in style from those for the granddaughters, only that the colors are a trifle quieter, and the outlines not quite so accentuated. Grandmothers are so dainty with their gloves, their shoes and other trifles as their granddaughters, and this is as it should be. They should be even more particular with their toilet to make up for the ravages of time.

I might add a word here about shoes for the very old grandmothers—not the active, middle aged ones. For them, when their feet are tired with many weary midnight walks with fretful babies, are lovely soft shoes with soles flexible enough for the tenderest feet. And it is now the fashion to crochet and knit warm woolen shoes and sew them to the thick felt soles. A pretty ribbon around the top finishes them and draws the top snugly around the ankles and keeps the feet warm as toast. No better present could be devised for dear old grandmother.

Her little pets are dressed so quaintly by all American mothers. Cloaks are of elder down flannel or of some of the thick, soft woolen, garnished with narrow bands of fur or ribbon. One cunning little coat of drab flannel has sleeves and yoke braided with green braid, and a sash bow with three round tassels of green silk. The hat was green felt and drab plush.

Another had a shorter coat of light blue cashmere with black astrakhan trimming, and hat of white felt with blue ribbons and plumes. A funny little Quakerish gown for a party for a girl of ten was of baby blue cashmere with ribbon bands around the skirt. The waist was quilled onto the yoke and held in just under the arms with ribbon, and the sleeves were made the same way. It is like the "hourglass" pattern in vogue perhaps 200 years ago. It is picturesque, but I do not call it pretty, yet one has to give the fashions as they are.

I notice among the novelties for little girls that the hosiery is of many kinds. Plaid stockings in Scotch designs are the most fashionable, and black next.

For boys black, dark blue and brown are the only ones seen. Boys' shoes have a new wrinkle in copper toes, a sort of steel horseshoe on the heel, and a steel piece shaped like a boomerang clamped along the side of the sole.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Fried Salt Beef.—Cut any part of cold salt beef into thin slices, fry them gently in butter and season with a little pepper. Have ready some very hot mashed potatoes, lay the slices of beef on them, and garnish with three or four pickled gherkins. Cold salt beef, warmed in a little liquor from mixed pickle, drained and served as above, will be found good.

Broiled Rashers of Bacon.—Before purchasing bacon, ascertain that it is perfectly free from rust, which may easily be detected by its yellow; and for broiling, the streaked part of the thick flank is generally the most esteemed. Cut it into thin slices, take off the rind, and broil over a nice clear fire; turn it two or three times, and serve very hot. Should there be any cold bacon left from the previous day, it answers very well for breakfast, cut into slices, and broiled or fried.

Lentil Rissoles.—Cook a quarter of a pound of lentils until they are soft enough to mash, add a quarter of an ounce of butter, some pepper, salt, and nutmeg. They ought not to be very dry. Roll some pastry very thin, and cut into rounds with a teacup. Into each round put a little of the lentil mixture, fold it up, wet the edge, and stick it together. Egg-and-bread-crumb the rissoles, and fry them in oil. Serve hot with fried parsley. The whole lentils are the best to use for this purpose.

Arrowroot Blancmange.—Mix to a smooth batter four heaped tablespoonfuls of arrowroot with half a pint of milk; put another pint on the fire, with laurel-leaves or lemon peel, which ever may be preferred, and let the milk steep until it is well flavored. Then strain the milk, and add it, boiling, to the mixed arrowroot; sweeten it with sifted sugar, and let it boil, stirring it all the time, till it thickens sufficiently to come from the saucepan. Grease a mould with pure salad oil, pour in the blancmange, and when quite set turn it out on a dish, and pour round it a compote of any kind of fruit, or garnish it with jam. A tablespoonful of brandy, stirred in just before the blancmange is moulded, very much improve the flavor of this sweet dish.

White Soup.—6 potatoes, 3 onions, 4oz crushed tapioca, 1½ pint milk, butter, salt, pepper, 2 quarts water.—Cost, 20c. Cut up the onions and potatoes, put them in 2 quarts of boiling water, boil for ¾ hour, rub the vegetables through a sieve, put back the potatoes into the water again, add the butter, pepper, and salt; boil the tapioca in the soup for ½ hour, add the milk, give one boil, and serve.

Fillets of Mackerel.—2 large mackerel, 1 oz butter, 1 small bunch of chopped herbs, 3 tablespoonfuls of medium stock, 3 tablespoonfuls of bechamel sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon-juice. Cost, about 25c. Clean the fish and fillet it, scald the herbs, chop them fine, and put them with the butter and stock into a stewpan; lay in the mackerel and simmer for 10 minutes, take them out and put them in a hot dish; dredge a little flour in the saucepan, add the other ingredients, give one boil, and pour over the mackerel.

Meat Fritters.—Slices of cold meat, 6 oz flour, 1 tablespoonful of salad oil, salt, 2 eggs, dripping. Cost, without meat, 10c. Put 6 oz flour, and ½ saltspoonful of salt into a basin, add the oil and mix the flour to a smooth paste, stir gently in ¼ pint of tepid water; whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, lightly mix it with the batter; stand it aside for 1 hour to rise; put some dripping in a saucepan, and let it boil, dip the slices of meat in the batter, and fry a golden-brown in the boiling dripping.

Irish Stew.—2 lb potatoes, 2 lb scrag of mutton, 1 lb onions, pepper and salt. Cost, about 25 cts. Wash and peel the potatoes and cut them in slices, peel the onions, also cut them in slices; wash the mutton in cold water, scrape it clean with a knife, and cut off the fat; cut it up in small pieces, put it in a stewpan with the potatoes and onions, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the meat, pour in half a pint of water, let the saucepan come to the boil, skim it, draw it to the side of the fire and let it stew gently from 1½ to 2 hours.

No life can be utterly miserable that is brightened by the laughter and love of children.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect November 13th, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.35 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, 12th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.35, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—8.35 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.35, 8.30, 9.25, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.30, 6.25, 8.10 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.35, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.25, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pilot or Two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.05, 5.15, 5.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.10, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.05, 10.15 p m. Round Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.16 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.22 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 5.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.01, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.20 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9.10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.40 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 5.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.30 am, 5.40 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 9.23, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.35, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Greenloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 989 South Third street, and 3 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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